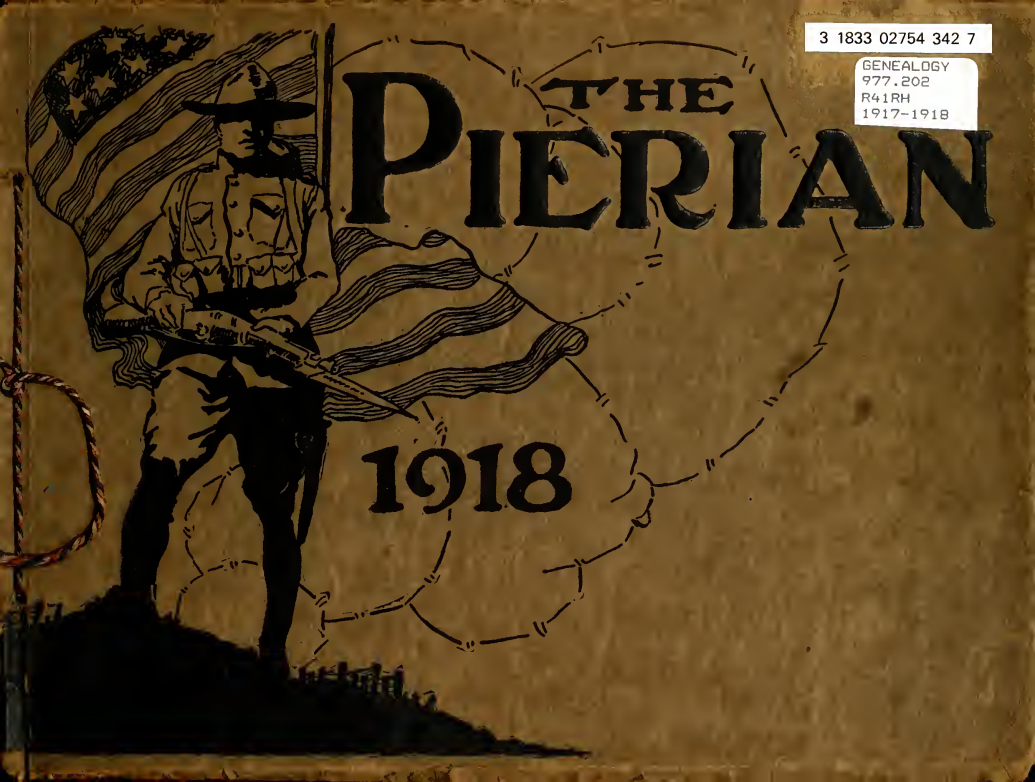

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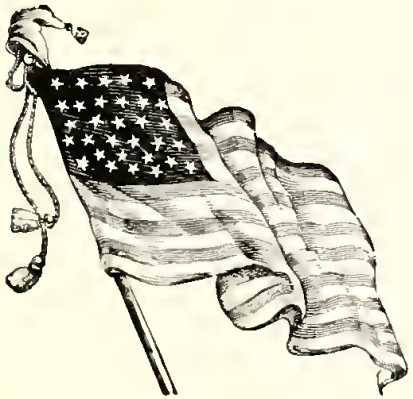
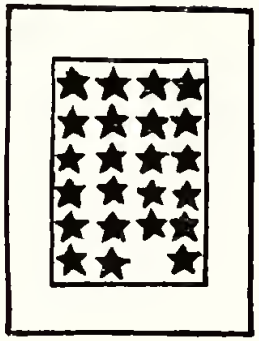


Published by the Senior Class

Richmond High School

Richmond, Indiana

HONOR - ROLL



To Our Boys in the Service
We Respectfully
Dedicate this Book

C. CHAPPEL	M. SNIVELY	J. BURRIS	C. SMITH
H. NORRIS	C. McBRIDE	B. ROST	C. STEVENS
W. MOREL	R. CLARK	E. HORNER	F. EATON
H. WEBB	C. EDWARDS	M. LAHRMAN	M. Von PEIN
L. BEACH	R. NEFF	H. BULACH	M. WOODHURST
D. HOOVER	L. LITTLE	R. WILLIAMS	

J. H. Bentley, *Principal*

Mr. Bentley came to us from Paducah, Kentucky, where he was Superintendent of Schools. During his first year with us he has won the regard and goodwill of all. He has made many changes in the R. H. S., all of which have been beneficial to every one concerned. We feel that we will be fortunate indeed if we succeed in keeping him with us.

The Faculty

1. Mr. Null, Miss Fox, Miss E. Bond, Miss Hawkins, Miss Osborn.
2. Mr. Kelly, Mr. Thompson, Miss Trueblood, Miss Broaddus, Miss Finfrock, Miss Whitacre, Mr. Sloane, Miss F. Bond. Mr. Vickery, Mr. Neff, Mr. Campbell, Mr. Driver, Miss Nolte, Mr. Mays, Miss Wickemeyer.
3. Mr. Ward, Miss Maue, Miss Hemmersbaugh, Mr. Mullins, Miss Bradbury, Miss Parke, Miss Vossler, Mr. Sipple, Miss Kelsey, Mr. Schlauch.

Mr. Newgard, Mr. Vernon, Mr. Wissler, Miss Smith, Mr. Bentley, Miss Smelser, Miss Murphy, Miss O'Neil.

The School Board

M. F. Johnston, *President*
C. W. Jordan, *Secretary*
Pettis A. Reid, *Treasurer*
J. T. Giles, *Superintendent of Schools*

In Memoriam

LUCILE ANDERSON

Born March 17, 1902 : Died January 10, 1918

Lucile entered Richmond High School in September, 1917. While she was here, she did her work conscientiously and well. She made many friends among the teachers and students.

MISS HEMMERSBAUGH.

SENIORS

Richmond High is doing its bit by the fatherless children of France. Aimé Laurent, the third from the left in the picture, will be the charge of the Class of '18 next year, as he was of the Class of '17 this year. The other children are André, the oldest, Amy the little girl, and Fernand, the little fellow.

In addition to Aimé, the school as a whole fathers Joseph Lager, some of the teachers have a charge in Michael Marc, and Mr. Sloane and the orchestra support Seraphine, Leontine and Leon Michaud.

The Class of 1918

THE Seniors of 1918 may well consider themselves members of a successful class.

When we entered the school in '14 or '15, as the case may be, everything seemed to be running smoothly. Since then, however, there has been a change in the system of study, as well as in that of the grading. We came through these difficulties almost to a member.

Among those who have taken most active part in the school life are four members of the Register staff, including the editor-in-chief; many members of the Pierian staff; a number of orchestra members, among whom are the concert master and pianist; the president of the Hi-Y Club; five first team basketball men; one member of the debating team; president of the Pedestrian Club; and president, vice-president, and secretary of the Dramatic Society.

Several students will not graduate with us, but we are glad to consider them members of the class, for they are serving in different branches of the Army and Navy.

Like success and patriotism to future Seniors!

CATHERINE SMITH, '18.

PAUL HAYWARD—Academic.

President Senior Class, '18; Director Band; Hi-Y Club; Gym Team.

One of the kind who make the world move.

JANET SEEKER—Academic.

Basketball, '15, '16; Secretary Dramatic Society, '18; Editor Register, '18; Pierian Staff, '18; G. A. A. Scout, '15; Senior Play.

Janet will probably become a Gardner; she wants to graft mistletoe on "Holly."

THEODORE SEDGWICK—Industrial.

"Ted's" voice rumbles as the thunder.

PAULINE GILDENHAR—Commercial.

Pauline's motto is, "Always look on the bright side of things."

WILLIAM SIMMONS—Academic.

Dramatic Society, '17, '18; Drum Corps; Pierian Staff; My America League; Hi-Y Club.

"Bill" finds time to attend school between dates.

VIVIAN HARDING—Academic.

Cynosure, '15; G. A. A.; Treasurer of Junior Class, '17; Board of Control, '16-'17; Pierian Staff, '17; Dramatic Society, '18; My America League; Assistant Editor Pierian, '18.

Whose pin will "Vee" be wearing next?

PAULINE HOTSENPILLER—Academic.

G. A. A.; Dramatic Society; Pedestrian Club; My America League; Basketball, '18; "Miss Fearless & Co."

"I'll put a girdle 'round the world in forty minutes."

EARL PORTER—Commercial.

Dramatic Society, '18; My America League; "Hyacinth Halvey."

Earl is very popular with the girls. They all unite in saying that he is "as cute as a button."

RUTH MISENER—Commercial.

G. A. A.; Writers' Club.

Some people don't care whether it's Tom, Dick or Harry; but Ruth is decidedly in favor of Harry.

GLADYS ARNETT—Commercial.

My America League; Pedestrian Club; G. A. A.

Gladys is bookkeeper for the Board of Control and deserves great credit for her work.

RICHARD MOTLEY—Academic.

Dick serves us "Finney's best."

NINA GUTHRIE—Commercial.

Three things do royally shine—the sun, the moon, and her hair.

LILLIAN MCMINN—Academic.

Orchestra; Dramatic Society, '18; My America League, '18.

For Richmond boys she does not care, for in Moscow town, she has one there.

LUTHER O. LEMON—Academic.

Hi-Y Club; My America League; Pierian, '18.

Luther is considered the fruit of our class.

GOLDIE VAN TRESS—Industrial.

G. A. A.; Captain Basketball; My America League.

Goldie starred in history and smiles.

LAVON BEAM—Commercial.

G. A. A.; Baseball, '16.

Lavon, beware! Don't let him "Flatter" you.

DENNIS WEAVER—Academic.

A student true and thorough.

CORA BLOMEYER—Commercial.

My America League.

No, Cora is not a blow at all.

STELLA ROLLER—Commercial.

Basketball, '15, '16, '17, '18; Baseball, '15, '16, '18; G. A. A.; My America League.

This is too much — I expected "Moore."

WILLARD MORGAN—Industrial.

"I look almost human without my glasses."

JOSEPHINE WASHAM—Commercial.

In spite of her name, she does not aspire to the ownership of a laundry.

VERNA SWISHER—Academic

A quiet lassie with talents rare

EARL THOMAS—Industrial.

A devotee of electricity with an aptitude for hard work.

GERTRUDE DIETRICH—Commercial.

Gertrude doesn't have to go to the Holy Land to see the "Jordan."

GERTRUDE SMITH—Commercial.

Gertrude is such a quiet thing, you would hardly know she was here.

MARCELLA WALLACE—Academic.

Marcella has laid out for herself a seven years' course in college and music. Poor girl!

REBECCA ROWE—Industrial.

Becky will always keep things humming.

HELEN LOGUE—Commercial.

G. A. A.; My America League

Helen is our "speed-king" on the typewriter.

ROY PLUMMER—Industrial.

Willing to fuss, but bashful.

CLARA PEIRCE—Academic.

If mathematics to be food of life, feed on.

LOUISE MEERHOFF—Academic.

G. A. A.; Basketball, '15, Captain, '16, '17; Baseball, '15, '16.

"My idea of nothing to do is to keep your nose powdered when you have a cold."

CLEM ROBERTS—Commercial.

Treasurer Senior Class, '18; Secretary Junior Class, '17; Drum Corps, '17, '18; Dramatic Society, '18; Register Staff, '17.

Oh, thou art too mild, too mild. I pray thee swear.

MARTHA JONES—Commercial.

Captain Basketball, '14, '15, '16, '17, '18; Baseball, '15, '18, Captain, '16, '17; G. A. A. Scout, '14, '15; Vice-President G. A. A, '16, '17; Pedestrian Club, '14, '15; My America League.

"Our hearts beat as one—on basketball. Yes, we're both athletic."

EDITH BATCHELOR—Commercial.

Captain Basketball, '15; G. A. A.; My America League.

We wish there were more such quiet, dignified girls.

STEPHEN ROHLFING—Academic.

Hi-Y Club.

"Steve's" smile would make anybody forget his grief.

KATHERINE KAMP—Academic.

G. A. A.; Basketball, Captain, '15, '16; Pedestrian Club.

"Kampie" is awfully good-natured and is a good basketball forward.

ALICE GOODWIN—Academic.

Orchestra, '15, '16, '17, '18; Dramatic Society, '18; President Writers' Club, '17; "Vestal Virgins"; My America League; G. A. A.

"Liberty, now and forever," is one of her favorite expressions.

HAWLEY GARDNER—Academic.

Basketball, '18; Second Team, '17; Track, '17, '18; Hi-Y Club; Register Staff; Business Manager, Pierian, '18.

Hawley's girl lives out of town, but does he "Seeker"?

KATHRYN BARTEL—Academic.

Dramatic Society, '17, '18; Pedestrian Club, '18; "Tirones"; "Miss Fearless & Co."; My America League.

Cupid always gets busy when "Kate" comes down the line.

BESSIE BUELL—Academic.

G. A. A. Scout, '18; Dramatic Society; Forum; Basketball; Baseball, '15, '16, '17; Oratorical Contests, '15, '16, '17, '18; Debating Team; Pierian Staff, '18.

"Patience wins in the end," is shown by Bessie's debating successes.

FRANK EATON—Industrial.

Frank says he likes wine better than any other kind of grape juice."

AMY FITZPATRICK—Industrial.

Secretary G. A. A., '17; President Dramatic Society, '18; President Pedestrian Club, '18; Basketball, '16, '17, '18; Baseball, '15; Register Staff, '18; Pierian Staff, '18; "Green Stockings"; "Six Times Nine"; "Miss Fearless & Co."; "Tyrones"; "Breezy Point."

"'Tis true she is much inclined to chin, and talk with all Man-kind."

LYDIA MAUPIN—Academic.

G. A. A.; Gettysburg Speech Contest.

What's love without another?

RAYMOND ARNOLD—Academic.

Ray's chief occupation is moppin' (Maupin).

NELLE HAYES—Academic.

Nelle has ambitions. May they be fulfilled.

TERESA COLLINS—Academic.

Captain Basketball, '16; G. A. A. Scout, '18; Pierian, '18; My America League.

The postman stops pretty often, doesn't he? Oh, yes, they're from an army camp.

HOWARD GRAFFIS—Academic.

Track Team, '17, Captain '18; Basketball, '18.

"Chick's" work in Chemistry is exceeded only by his ability as a basketball and track man.

HILDA RATLIFF—Academic

"I'm but a stranger here—heaven is my home."

MAXINE MURRAY—Academic.

Dramatic Society, '16, '17, '18; Pierian Staff, '17, '18; G. A. A.

Maxine always puts the finishing touches on the Pierian (see the "Finis").

SHELDON SIMMONS—Commercial.

Captain Tennis Team, '16, '17, '18; Basketball (Second Team, '16), '17, Captain First Team, '18; Vice-President Athletic Council, '17; Hi-Y Club.

For information concerning the number of steps from the temporary bridge up to Main Street, see "Shel."

LETHA CROW—Commercial.

G. A. A. Scout, '15; Captain, Captain Basketball, '16; President G. A. A., '16; Athletic Council, '16; Junior Social Committee, '17; Pierian Staff, '17; Vice-President Dramatic Society, '18.

Letha has taken enough commercial work to understand all about a "Dunn."

CARRIE GIRTY—Academic.

Baseball, '15, '16, '17; Basketball, '15, '16, '17; Pedestrian Club, '15; G. A. A.

"Aunt Mollie" likes everything "Saurer."

EVERETT BRINLEY—Commercial.

Orchestra, '17, '18; Band, '17, '18; Second Team, '18; Glee Club, '17; Senior Social Committee, '18; Hi-Y.

"Peanut" is one of our best musicians, and a good all-round fellow.

DORIS GROAN—Commercial.

G. A. A.; Dramatic Society; My America League.

Doris is quite dignified, we'll admit, but we wonder whether she wouldn't "Groan" if Ted were late on Sunday night.

ILO DAVIS—Academic.

Pray, Ilo, where do you go? To Hollandsburg, to Orno.

CHARLES ROBINSON—Academic.

Track Team, '17, '18; Drum Corps, '17; Register, '17; Vice-President Junior Class, '17; Hi-Y Club, '17; President Hi-Y Club, '18; Second Team, '17; Basketball, '18; Manager Tennis Team, '18; Board of Control, '18; Editor of Pierian, '18.

"Charlie" is seriously considering the direct management of his famous circus (winter quarters at Oxford), if he survives this issue of the Pierian.

MARJORIE GENNETT—Commercial.

Dramatic Society; Pierian Staff, '18; My America League; G. A. A.

In Marjorie we see the future manager of the Starr Piano Factory.

RALPH PRICE—Academic.

President Junior Class, '17; Basketball, '18.

"Pricey" seems to have found his "Bluebird of Happiness" ploughing, chopping wood, etc., out on the farm.

DORIS WOGAMAN—Academic.

Which soldier is it, Doris?

RAYMOND BURGESS—Industrial.

Band, '16, '17, '18.

Ray says that if it were not for saying good-bye to his kindergarten, he would like to drop bombs on the Kaiser's doorstep.

LURANA SHUTE—Academic.

Pedestrian, '15, '16, '17, '18; My America League; G. A. A. Scout, '17, Secretary, '18; Baseball, '15, '16, '17, '18; Captain Basketball, '15; Basketball, '17, '18; Girls' Yell Leader, '18; Register Staff, '18; Pierian Staff, '18.

Short but sweet,
Hard to beat.

RICHARD MANSFIELD—Academic.

Dick, keep a whistle going, so we'll know where you are.

AGNES E. MEERHOFF—Academic.

G. A. A.; Baseball, '15, '16 (Captain, '15); Basketball, '15, '16, '17.

"Forgive me if I blush."

CLARENCE CHAMNESS—Academic.

Dramatic Society, '18; My America League; Hi-Y Club.

Clarence has overcome his bashfulness during his last year with us.

MILDRED KLUTE—Academic.

Dramatic Society; G. A. A.; Pedestrian Club; Basketball.

She never tells how much she knows.

MARK HEITBRINK—Commercial.

Orchestra, '14, '15, '16, '17, '18; Band, '18; Hi-Y Club.

When Mark has a date, he takes both of them, so he'll be sure to get the right one.

CLARA GROSS—Commercial.

Secretary Senior Class, '18; G. A. A. Scout, '17, '18; Dramatic Society, '17, '18.

Beware, all ye men!—She is a wonderful girl, with a whole "gross" of wonderful ways.

RAYMOND WILLIAMS—Industrial.

Vice-President Senior Class, '18; Yell Leader, '18; Vice-President Hi-Y Club, '18; Pierian Staff, '16, '17, '18; Cynosure Staff, '16; Register Staff, '17, '18.

Could we but think with the intensity we love with, we might do great things.

EDITH WICKEMEYER—Commercial.

G. A. A.; My America League.

The girl with the smile is the girl worth while.

HELEN HASTY—Commercial.

G. A. A.; My America League.

"Peaches" always welcomes her letters from the "North."

MORRIS WOODHURST—Academic.

"Morry" is one of the boys who have upheld the honor of the school by joining the army.

EMALENE PETTY—Commercial.

Pedestrian Club; My America League.

Emalene always manages to have a good time in spite of all difficulties.

PAUL MCKEE—Academic.

Paul has been with us only a short time, but has won our favor already.

HELEN HOCKETT—Academic.

Dramatic Society, '17, '18; My America League; Pierian Staff, '17, '18; "Neighbors"; "Tirones."

A right merry comrade with a deal of talent.

RALPH BALLINGER—Academic.

Board of Control, '16; Pierian Staff, '16; Forensic Club, '17; Tennis Team, '17; Forum, '18; Hi-Y Club; My America League.

"All great are dead or dying, and I feel rather poorly myself."

ESTHER HAMILTON—Commercial.

My America League; G. A. A.

Esther finds little time for play, yet she is a jolly member of our class.

PAUL KRING—Academic.

Band, '18; My America League.

You'll find him near the library door.

DORIS URTON—Academic.

G. A. A.; Pedestrian Club.

Eyes like pools, big and round.

MILDRED RUBLE—Academic.

G. A. A.; Pedestrian Club; Basketball, '15, '16, '17, '18; My America League; Baseball, '15, '16.

"Peg" says she wouldn't care if all her evenings were "Rainy."

JOHN LEMON—Academic.

A long drawn out string of restlessness.

OPAL OSBORN—Industrial.

G. A. A.; Pedestrian Club; My America League.

Do you reckon anything would make her mad?

DAVID ROST—Academic.

Hi-Y Club.

"I'm not old enough to form an opinion."

HELEN NEFF—Commercial.

G. A. A.; My America League.

Two black eyes—romance.

THOMAS BELL—Commercial.

"I haven't been to a dance for over two days now."

MIRIAM HADLEY—Academic.

Orchestra, '15, '16, '17, C. M., '18; Dramatic Society, '16, '17, '18; Captain Basketball, '16; Treasurer G. A. A., '18; Senior Social Committee, '18.

Most people, when utilizing nuts, make use of the kernel, but Miriam is partial to the "Shel."

MERLE DEWEES—Academic.

It doesn't make any difference to "Mooney," just so her name begins with "M."

MARIE KOENIGKRAMER—Commercial.

Pedestrian Club; Basketball, '17, '18.

Marie is not German, as her name implies, but is a true American.

RUTH FOULKE—Commercial.

Orchestra, '15, '16, '17, '18; G. A. A.; My America League.

A faithful orchestra member, and a credit to our class.

WILLIAM FERGUSON—Industrial.

Wireless Club, '15, '16, Vice-President, '17; Second Team, '18.

The next thing we know, "Bill" will be trying to invent a wireless hairpin.

RUBY MOORE—Academic.

Cynosure, '14; Dramatic Society, '18; Pedestrian Club; G. A. A.; My America League, '18.

Ruby believes in law and order and the constant protection of the "Marshall."

RUTH HORR—Commercial.

My America League; G. A. A.

Many letters she does get from El Paso, Texas. He is a soldier boy.

MARY CARMEN—Academic.

Orchestra, '17, '18; Dramatic Society, '17, '18.

Mary doesn't make much noise except on the piano.

GEORGE CANAN—Commercial.

George is not as noisy as his name implies.

ROLAND MARSHALL—Commercial.

"Tony" has been heard to say, "I don't love anybody but my dog."

MARY WAY—Industrial.

G. A. A.; Basketball, '15, '16, '17, '18; Baseball, '15, '16, '17, '18; My America League.

Mary's "Way" is generally the right "Way"?

CATHERINE SMITH—Academic.

G. A. A. Scout, '15; Pierian Staff, '18.

Catherine is noted for her good grades and her scorn of the masculine gender.

Mildred Stevens—Academic.

Orchestra; Pedestrian Club; "Miss Fearless & Co.,"; Pierian Staff, '18; My America League.

Mildred thinks a Pilot is a mighty nice car, and also thinks Ted a very good chauffeur.

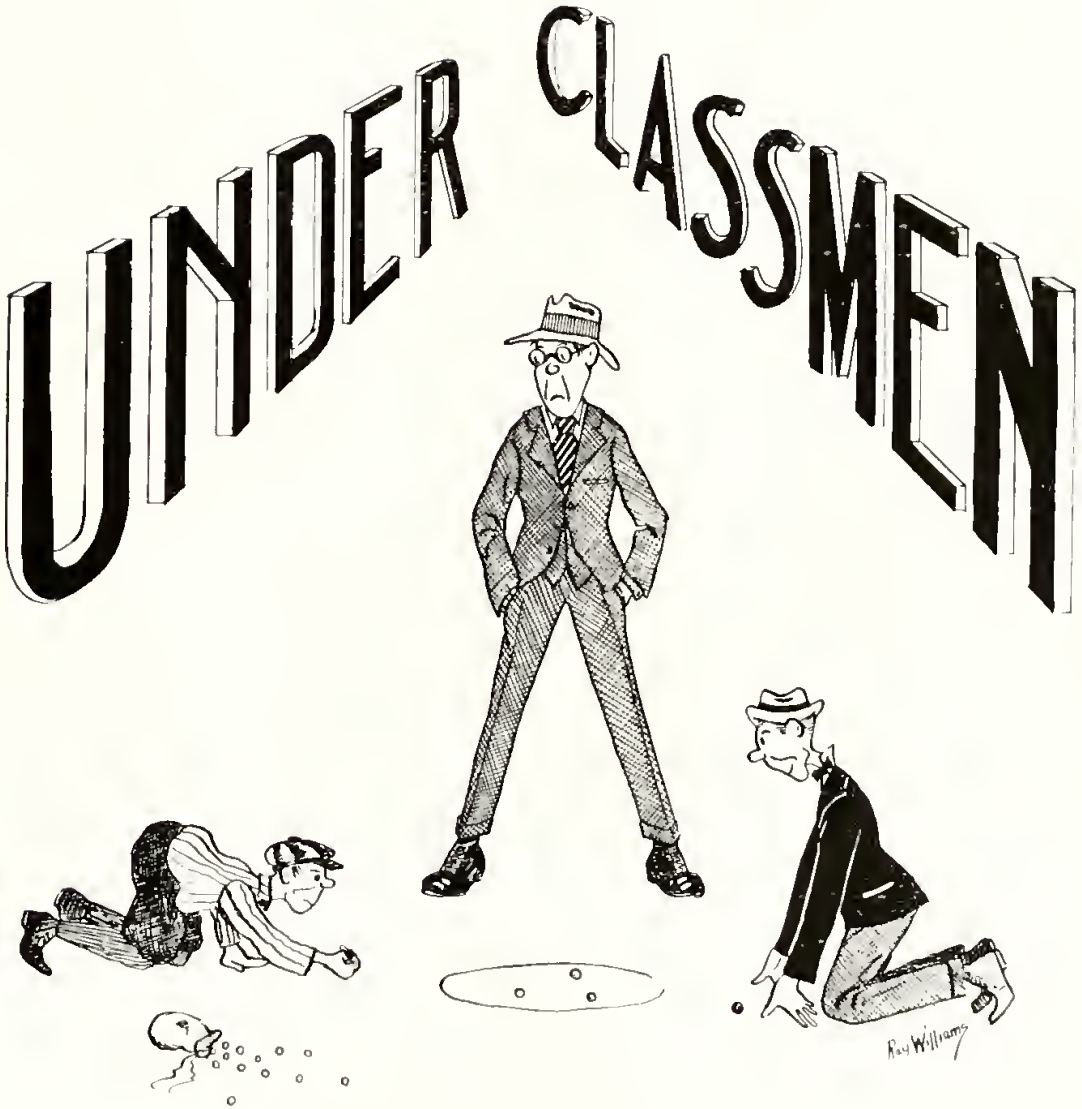
Marguerite Tucker—Academic.

With an eye for the fellows' hearts.

Robert Roland—Industrial.

Drum Corps, '17, '18; Orchestra, '15, '16, '17, '18; Band, '16, '17; Glee Club, '16; Hi-Y Club; Second Team, '18; "Green Stockings."

For car service to New Paris, see "Bob."


UNDER CLASSMEN
Ray Williams

THE CLASS OF 1921

The Class of 1920

THE CLASS OF 1919

President—FREDERICK VAN ALLEN
Vice-President—EARL KEISKER
Secretary—HELEN EGGEMEYER
Treasurer—LOIS JOHANNING

SCHOOL LIFE

The Board of Control

The Board of Control is a venerable institution which works the purse strings for all student activities. It is composed of three student members, three faculty members, and the principal. The principal, by virtue of his office, is a permanent member; the student and faculty members are elected annually.

VIVIAN HARDING
Assistant Editor

CHARLES ROBINSON
Editor-in-Chief

HAWLEY GARDNER
Business Manager

Pierian Staff, 1918

The Staff

Editor-in-Chief—Charles Robinson
Assistant Editor—Vivian Harding
Business Manager—Hawley Gardner
Advertising Manager—Merle DeWees

Associate Editors—

Catherine Smith, '18
Richard Taylor, '19
James Sackman, '20

Athletics—

Glenn Weist
Wilbur Vogelsong

Music—

Harold Latta

Artists—

Maxine Murray
Ray Williams
Wayne Haisley
Harold Runnels

Faculty Advisers—

Miss Finfrock
Miss Maue
Mr. Kelly
Mr. Null
Mr. Schlauch

Typists—

Everett Brinley
Earl Porter

Organizations—

Mildred Stevens
Marjorie Gennett
Letha Chrow
Luther Lemon
Janet Seeker

Photographers—

Charles Stevens
Richard Thornburg
Virgil LaFuse

Calendar—

Amy Fitzpatrick
Claude Miller

Chapels—

Helen Hockett

Personals—

William Simmons
Mary Louise Bates
Lurana Shute
Bessie Buell
Teresa Collins
Paul Albus

The Register

Two years ago the monthly paper entitled "The Cynosure" was changed into a weekly paper, and the name was changed to "The Register". During the first year of the paper Harold Krick was the editor, and this year his successor was Janet Seeker.

The Cynosure was a literary production in magazine form, while the Register has tried to hold to the newspaper type.

The paper is printed in the school print shop, and the expenses are defrayed by a small charge of two cents per copy.

Hi-Y Club

Charles Robinson, *President*
Ray Williams, *Vice-President*
Richard Mansfield, *Secretary*
Glenn Weist, *Treasurer*

In its second year, the Hi-Y Club has developed into the largest and most important organization of the school. All High School boys who are bonafide members of the Y. M. C. A. are members.

The club meets fortnightly and enjoys a supper, with speeches by some of the big men of the city, and music by an orchestra composed of members. Among the speakers have been Principal Bentley, Prof. Mendenhall of Earlham College, Lieutenant C. H. Edwards, Mr. Ross Williams, Mr. Brunson, and Mr. Schwan of the Y. M. C. A.

During the year this organization has given two "date" nights in the form of parties, and one in the form of a bobsled party. The club also helped to make the Father and Son banquet a success.

The purpose of the organization is to bind more closely the ties of the High School and the Y. M. C. A., and to boost the activities of both.

L. O. Lemon, '18.

Pedestrian Club

President—Amy Fitzpatrick
Vice-President—Esther Willson
Secretary—Helen Hazeltine
Treasurer—Mildred Stevens

As a promoter of good health and good times combined, the Pedestrian Club was organized in the fall of 1909 by the girls of the Richmond High School at the suggestion of Mr. Hamilton then of the Latin department. Since, the organization of the Pedestrian Club has grown until now there are over thirty members.

Each member is required to walk a certain number of miles each week outside the city limits, and if she does not do this a tax of five cents is imposed. Each girl has a page in the club book on which she writes the number of miles walked and the date upon which they were walked. Each week the secretary goes over the book to pick out the unfaithful members and impose the tax. If any girl persists in not walking the required number of miles or in not paying the fine, she is no longer considered a member and her name is taken off the book.

All-day hikes and moonlight hikes are favorites of the girls. Moonlights are liked best, chaperoned by some of the teachers of the school.

Mildred Stevens.

"Miss Fearless & Co."

"MISS FEARLESS & CO.", presented by the Pedestrian Club in the R. H. S. Auditorium, April 16, was a huge success. It was the kind of a play that appeals to the average student because of its humor and light nature. The story of the play is simple but entertaining.

At the opening of the play three young ladies who had attended Vassar with Margaret Henley are visiting her at her summer home. Miss Euphemia Addison, an old-maid cousin of a very nervous disposition, is chaperoning the girls.

Margaret receives a letter from Jack, her betrothed, stating that he and some chums who are in love with Bab, Betty and Marion, the girls, are going camping, and, thinking that the girls would simply "pine away" during their absence, the young "lords of creation" have been kind enough to extend the invitation to the girls, with Miss Euphemia as chaperon. This makes the girls simply furious and they decide to show the young men that they are perfectly independent and fearless. They inform the boys that they are going to camp by themselves on Spook Island, a place said to be haunted, and directly opposite from Camp Comfort, where the boys are camping. They form a company to be known as "Miss Fearless & Co.", and each agrees to forfeit ten dollars if, during her sojourn on Spook Island, she communicates directly or indirectly with any person of the male gender. When such a thing is suggested to Miss Euphemia she has one of her "nervous attacks", and the girls begin to think that they can't go, when Sarah Jane Lovejoy, a distant country relative of Margaret's, appears and offers to chaperon them.

On the island Katie, the Irish maid they have taken along, is frightened by a ghost. Many exciting incidents occur in which the boys disguised gain admittance to camp; the ghost is discovered to be a poor little parentless waif, whom Sarah Jane adopts; Miss Euphemia plans to elope with Theodore Stimpson, who is only after her supposed wealth, which consists in reality of only her "personal charms," but is prevented at the last minute. At the end of the play the girls all give up and forfeit their ten dollars. They forgive the boys and all turns out well.

All the parts in the play were well taken. The play was well supplied with character parts, which helped make it a "scream".

Dramatic Society

President—Amy Fitzpatrick
Vice-President—Letha Chrow
Secretary—Janet Seeker

The Dramatic Society is one of the most popular organizations in the Richmond High School, as can be seen by dropping in at one of the meetings in the Art Gallery.

Mr. Kelly organized the society in 1910 for the purpose of giving the members a chance to know good plays, and to be able to interpret them.

It is interesting to know that when the organization was started the membership was limited to twenty-five. Now there are considerably over twenty-five members, and a waiting list has been established.

THE DEBATING TEAM

Bessie Buell, '18
William Haberkern, '19
Richard Taylor, '19
Mr. Null, *Coach*

THE FORUM

WARREN ELLIOTT, *President*
RICHARD TAYLOR, *Vice-President*
DOROTHY TIETZ, *Secretary*

The Debating Team

AS THE debating team developed rather late, only two debates were scheduled this year. The first, with Fort Wayne, was held at Fort Wayne on April 26. The question was "Government Ownership of our Merchant Marine". Richmond won. The second was scheduled with Bloomington, to be held at Richmond on May 17. At this writing, the debate has not been held, but it is reasonably safe to say that Richmond will win if Bloomington does not.

[Editor's Note—This debate resulted in a unanimous decision for the Richmond Team.]

The Forum

AN ORGANIZATION of boys and girls, styled the Forum, meets fortnightly during the school year to exercise the powers of speech. Membership in this club is open to all students who agree to comply with certain rules and regulations. No member may use Fourth of July oratory more than twice, on penalty of being pitched head-first into the alley. No member may make more than one gas attack. All applicants for membership must be vaccinated against "puppy love". This club eats en masse once each year.

Wearers of the "R"

Basketball—

Sheldon Simmons
Fred Van Allen
Charles Robinson
Walter Stegman
Leroy Harding
Ralph Price
Hawley Gardner
Howard Graffis

Girls' Basketball—

Martha Jones
Amy Fitzpatrick
Margaret Shumann
Lurana Shute
Marjorie Edwards

Discussion—

William Haberkern

Debating—

William Haberkern
Bessie Buell
Richard Taylor

Tennis—

Sheldon Simmons
Richard Thornburg
Roland Keys
Ralph Ballinger
George Eversman

Track—

Charles Robinson
William Emslie

THE BAND

Top Row—Underhill, Hornaday, McMahan, Brinley, Nusbaum, Hayward.
Bottom Row—Allen, Heitbrink, Burgess, Monger, Ballinger, Kring, Fossenkemper, Kemper, Cutter.

The Drum Corps

The Band

WHEN it comes to boosting, the band is one of the school's greatest factors. This is its second successful year in the adventure of noise-making and, although it was not organized until about the middle of the basketball season, its work during the tournament will not be forgotten. With this band playing a lively one-step under the direction of "Pete", what team couldn't win?

The Drum Corps

ANOTHER one of our famous boosting clubs is the drum corps. The members are either too modest or dignified to yell, so they show their passion and enthusiasm for the team by the noisy combination of wood on sheepskin. Under the leadership of Clem Roberts, this organization has been very successful and their part was well played (or beaten) during the tournament.

THE ORCHESTRA

Richmond High School Orchestra

RALPH CAMPBELL SLOANE, *Director*

First Violins—
Miriam Hadley, C. M.
Ruth Foulke
Stella Knode
Margaret Wissler
Roland Keys
Ralph Giles
Mary Jones
Alice Goodwin
Grace Barton
Mozell Hunter
Richard Mansfield
Lillian McMinn

Second Violins—
Helen Addleman
Harold Ritchey
Mary Louise Bates
Martha Webb
Howard Deitrich
Malvern Soper
Vergil LaFuse
Emily Parker
John Black
Omar Monger

Violas—
Cecil Cureton
Mary Reese

Bass—
Mark Heitbrink
Claude Miller
John Jones

Flutes—
Robert Roland
Paul Blossom
Mark Kennedy

Horns—
Russell Crabb
Paul Heironimus

Trombone—
Harold Vore

Piano—
Mary Carman

Cellos—
Morris Woodhurst
Vera Blossom
Katherine Gates
Helen Roland

Oboe—
Markley Lahrman
Everett Brinley

Clarinets—
Marius Fossenkemper
Roland Cutter

Cornets—
Howard Monger
Earl Ballinger
Wilson Hurrel
Ralph Klute

Drums—
Harold Latta
LeVern Ball
Morris Druley

THE Richmond High School Orchestra is just completing one of the most successful years of its history.

During the winter of 1917-18 the Orchestra has been composed of fifty members each of whom will retain the memory of the association throughout the year.

On several occasions the Orchestra has been before the public, and owing to the untiring labors of their able director, Mr. Sloane, we feel that they have done credit to themselves as well as to the High School.

On December 20 a patriotic concert was given in the High School auditorium, for the benefit of two French orphans whom the Orchestra has adopted.

The R. H. S. Board of Control, wishing to show its appreciation, decided this year to present pins to the orchestra—bronze pins to those who have been with the orchestra one or two years; silver pins to those remaining three years; and gold pins to those remaining in the orchestra the full four years. This plan is a new one, but will be continued if it proves satisfactory.

The Vocational Music Course

THE Vocational Music Course is a new plan in our High School, started this spring. It was started at first as an experiment, but was later accepted by the High School faculty, and will be continued as a permanent course. This course is for those students especially interested in music and for those who wish to follow music as a profession. At present there are twenty-five persons enrolled.

Those taking the vocal course are required to spend six hours a week in practicing, while those taking the instrumental must practice nine hours a week. At any study period each day which is convenient for the student, he may leave school and go home to practice. Then he must take one lesson of a private teacher.

The students this year may take only the nine hours' work of music, but after this year everyone desiring to take up this branch must take the whole course. This provides for three years of English, one year of mathematics, two years of a foreign language, and eleven other subjects required. If the music is taken for three years as a major, two years of Harmony and one year of Music Theory are required with one year of Music History, elective. Music may also be taken for two years as a minor. By taking all the work required in the course with electives, the student will have one hundred and sixty-three hours by graduation.

A plan very similar to this has been tried in Buffalo, giving credit to those pupils of the High School who study music outside. Other systems on the same plan have been provided for, both in New York and Boston High Schools, and have proven very successful.

At the end of the term an examination is given at which the pupil must play studies, scales, and compositions. He is graded on his expression, technique, and style of playing. This is the only examination required during the term.

This course is certainly instructive and well worth while for anyone who is interested in music. It is well known that much private teaching could be vastly improved. It is estimated that nearly fifty percent of the High School pupils take private lessons and attempt to play the piano, or the violin "a little," but only about ten percent of these have studied really standard music. In this course the very best grade of music is taught, and the pupil must really work to get good grades in it.

Until very recently music has not been looked upon as a necessary course in the High Schools, and those students who were interested in the subject have been required to wait until they have entered college to take it up.

Gradually music is taking a more important place in all grades and is now striving to secure its place as a subject for specialization.

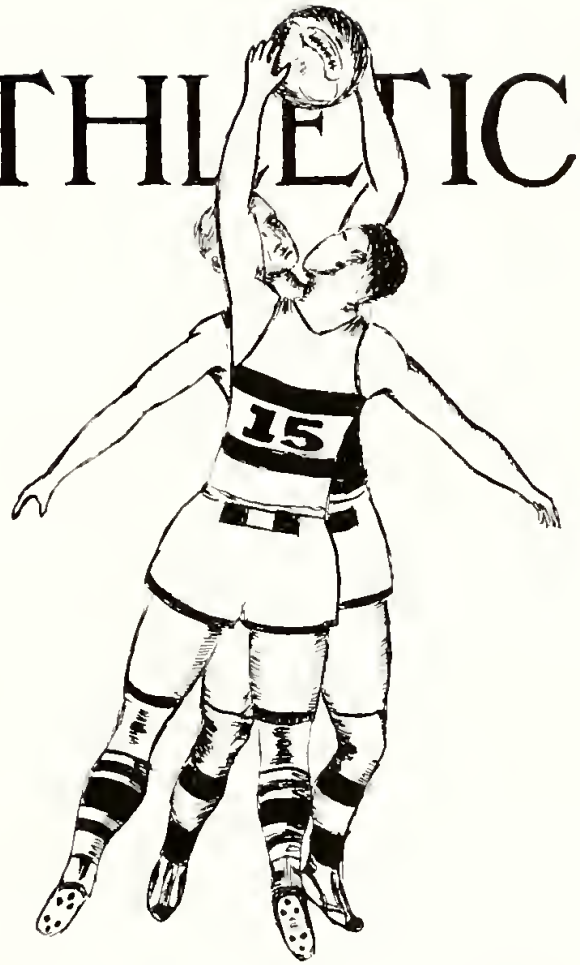
The local Vocational Music Course is said to be one of the most finely worked-out plans to be found in the country.

Fine Arts

MOST people think that Art is a luxury and an added thing; that only those born with the genius to paint a picture and with the talent to draw cleverly should be interested in Art. Today the course of study in Art is made to fit the daily needs of the people. The principles of Art are being presented to the understanding of the ordinary individual so that he may see their application to the affairs of his business, his profession, and his home. Because of this new Art Creed the work done in the Richmond High School is based upon the Design Method rather than the Drawing Method. An appreciation of line, form, color, is given the pupil so that his choice may be of the best in his selection of clothes, households, pictures, and to enable him to appreciate beauty in the thousand common things of daily life which will result in the final appreciation of beauty as a dissociated ideal.

MISS E. MAUE.

ATHLETICS



Runnels

The Basketball Season

ALTHOUGH the year was started with but two regulars of last year's team, a team was developed that was well worthy of the "Red and White". Out of about thirty at the try-out, Coach Mullins picked the following team: Van Allen, Simmons, Shelton, Gardner, Robinson, Harding, Stegman, and Cramer. During the year on account of existing conditions Shelton and Cramer were forced to give up their places. To fill their places two good finds were made later in the year, R. Price and Graffis. With this combination the season was completed.

Richmond started the season well, displaying great form and defeating Winchester. The game was rather one-sided but fast and scrappy, the score being 67-14, Van Allen and Simmons scoring repeatedly. All the "subs" were played.

Anderson, Bloomington, and New Castle were played, New Castle being defeated badly.

We lost to Lebanon, and then again defeated New Castle, at New Castle. Games were lost to Fortville, Huntington and Bloomington.

During the Christmas vacation two trips were made, the first to Martinsville, and the second to Rushville and Shortridge. Although we were beaten by Rushville, the boys "came back" and defeated Shortridge by a score of 17-13.

A game scheduled with Stivers of Dayton was called off and one with Eaton substituted. Eaton was hopelessly beaten by a score of 77-4.

The boys then made a journey to Huntington and Fort Wayne. At Huntington they were beaten by a score of 42-22. At Fort Wayne, we turned the tables almost to a point.

Martinsville, Lebanon, and Anderson were played, and then we were avenged on Rushville by taking them over to a score of 41-22.

R. H. S. played a harder schedule this year than ever before, and although we were defeated several times we stuck to it and showed we could play high-class basketball. We made a reputation as a bunch of stayers and were graduated from the baby class to the one that plays real basketball.

Mullins
Coach

Simmons
Center

Van Allen
Forward

PRICE
Guard

GRAFFIS
Guard

STEGMAN
Forward

ROBINSON
Forward

GARDNER
Forward

HARDING
Guard

The Tournament

FOR the fourth consecutive year Richmond witnessed the Sixth District Annual Basketball Tournament. In this tourney, held at the Coliseum on March 8 and 9, there were sixteen high schools represented: Rushville, Liberty, Fountain City, Burney, Green (Farmland), Sandusky, Moscow, Union City, Cambridge City, Hagerstown, St. Paul, Manilla, and Richmond. The visitors were quartered at the Westcott Hotel and their meals were served them at the high school lunch room.

Rushville and Richmond, the strongest teams in the district, met in the opening game at nine o'clock Friday morning. They were evenly matched, but the Red and White, having the greater endurance, won by a 21 to 16 score. The second game was forfeited by St. Paul to Milroy. The third game was a victory for the Liberty quintet over Cambridge City with a final score of 36 to 20.

In the afternoon contests, although considerable rivalry prevailed among the contending teams, the games did not attract much attention. Fountain City, Green, Manilla, and Moscow eliminated Burney, Modoc, Connersville, and Union City respectively.

Sandusky won the initial contest of the evening when she set the Hagerstown five aside by a one-sided score of 34 to 10. The big surprise of the evening was the unexpected fight shown by the Milroy team in her game with Richmond. The visitors, with their accuracy on long shots, led the way almost the entire contest, but when the regulars were sent in, the score began to change. The final score was R. H. S. 22, Milroy 20.

Saturday morning was a sad event for the Liberty team. Proud and over-confident, she was forced to submit to defeat before Fountain City, a team of less calibre than her own. The other morning games were victories for Sandusky, and Manilla against Moscow and Green respectively.

In the semi-finals Richmond sent Fountain City to the showers by a 27 to 15 score. Manilla, in the second game, entered her claims as a contender in the finals, when she defeated Sandusky 25 to 16.

The largest crowd of the tourney began filing into the Coliseum at six o'clock that evening for the final game. Both teams came on the floor with eagerness to win. The first half was close and interesting with the score changing constantly, but in the second period the wonderful "five man defense" used by Richmond soon decided the contest. When the gun was fired, Richmond was declared District Champions for the second consecutive year by a score of 45 to 12.

Richmond, however, at the State Tournament, was defeated in her first game by the fast Bloomington team 39 to 12.

Track Team

ALTHOUGH the Track Team has been severely handicapped by the absence of veteran material, they have made a good showing taking everything into consideration. When the first call for candidates was issued by Mr. Nohr, about seven of last year's team reported. Mr. Nohr, however, accepted a position at Gary, Ind., and during the absence of a coach the work stopped. Mr. Meller, the new physical director, was then secured as a coach. During this time Howard Graffis, captain, accepted a position at Akron, Ohio, and Harding, another fast man, joined the colors. Therefore, the team that finally went to Cincinnati was composed of raw material. They gave a good account of themselves there even if they did not make any points. The week following at Miami the team did not compete because of the weather. The team reached its fastest pace in the Muncie meet held here on May 18, but did not succeed in winning the meet.

Second Basketball Team

OUR '17-'18 second team did not play as many scheduled games as the last year's team. During the season they played five games, three at home and two away. In the games away they were defeated by Lewisville and the Anderson second team. In the games at home they were defeated by the Anderson seconds and Fountain City first team, but succeeded in drubbing the New Paris team badly. The team was led through the season by Clem Price with the exception of the first few weeks, during which time Joe Shaefer was captain. Robert Roland played with the second team whenever his services were not needed by the first team The team as a whole deserves credit for the way in which it helped the first team by coming to practice regularly, thus giving the first team the much needed opposition in practice.

THE TRACK TEAM

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THE TENNIS TEAM

Thornburg Keys Simmons, Captain Eversman

Albus Robinson, Manager Ballinger

Girls' Basketball

Freshmen—
Ruth Howard
Mildred Kenworthy
Margaret Hummert
Etheusia Bennett
Helen Jessup
Agatha Phelps
Mildred Hemmer

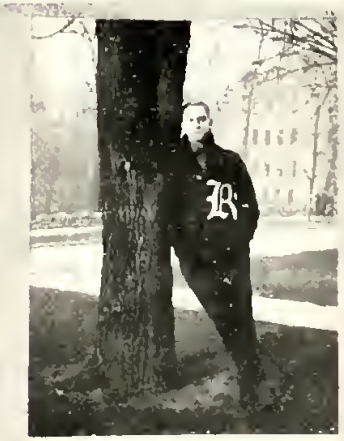
Sophomores—
Blanche Kerr
Beatrice Ostheimer
Edna Fasick
Ruth Bulman
Eula Summerson
Mildred Moser
Marie Karcher

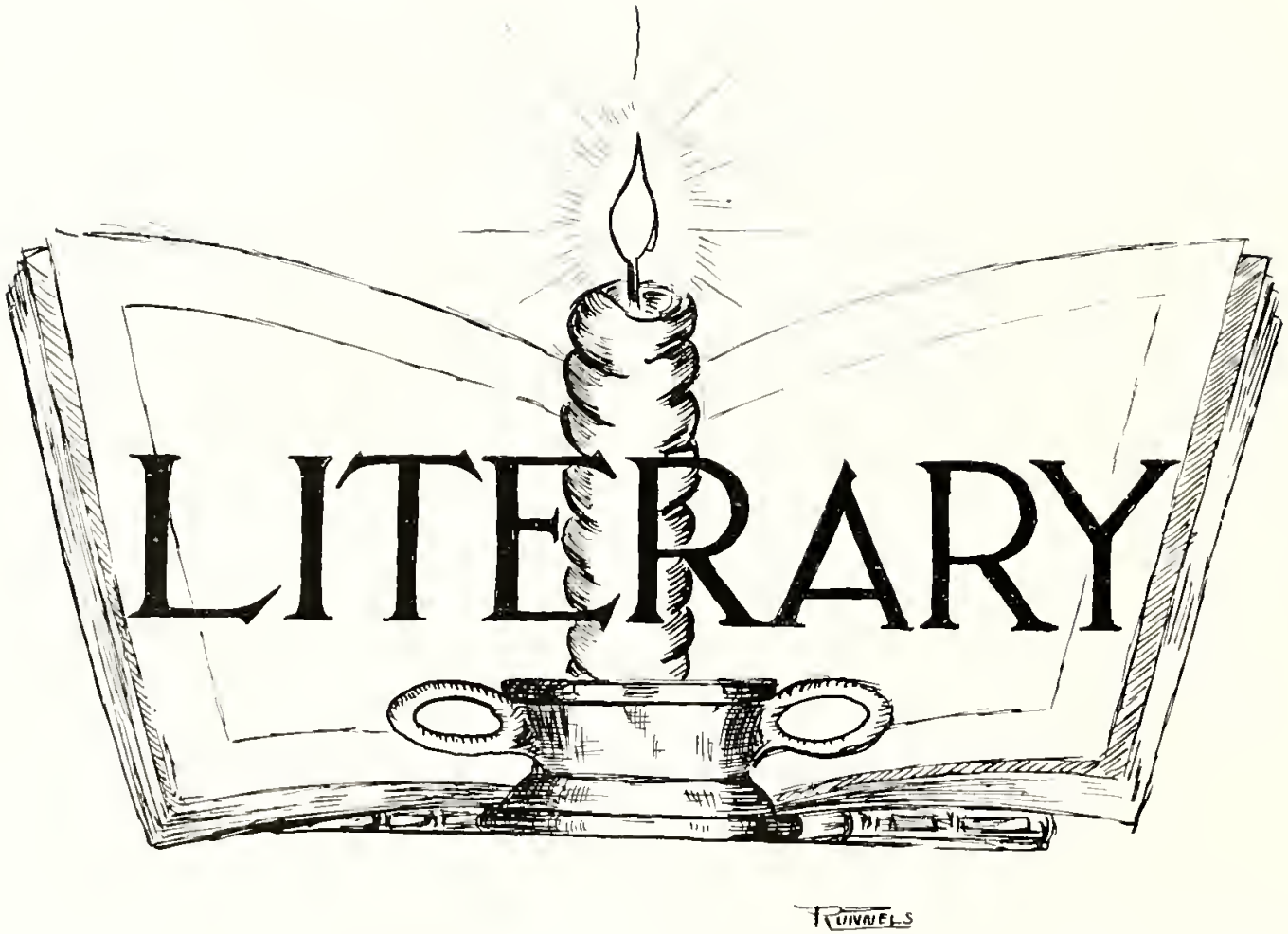
Juniors—
Clara Daub
Edith Monroe
Ruth Walter
Thelma Bymaster
Margaret Schumann
Marjorie Edwards

Seniors—
Lurana Shute
Pauline Hotsenpiller
Estella Roller
Mildred Ruble
Amy Fitzpatrick
Martha Jones
Mary Way

EARLY in the season the girls' basketball teams were organized with captains as follows: Senior captain, Martha Jones; Junior, Margaret Schumann; Sophomore, Mildred Moser; Freshman, Helen Jessup. There has been very good material for the teams this year, and they have had exciting times playing off their scheduled games. The Seniors, however, came out on top and won the championship. Those girls receiving R's are Martha Jones, Amy Fitzpatrick, Margaret Schumann, Lurana Shute, and Marjorie Edwards.

April 10th, the basketball girls gave a spread for the fellows on the varsity and second teams, and from all reports, they had "some" time.




LITERARY
RUNNELS

Honor Roll

Some of our comrades are missing,
"Where are they?" you question us.
They have gone to fight for Freedom,
Help to straighten out the fuss.
There is Woodhurst, there is Lahrman,
And Ray Williams (led the noise),
Murray Snively, and Frank Eaton,
With the other soldier boys.
Then there's Graffis—he has also
Gone to help to win the war,
But perhaps you'd like to ask us
What it is they're fighting for.
They are fighting to make safer
For the women and the babes,
This fair land of ours, which thousands
Have before them died to save.
But they, though they are the bravest,
Aren't the only ones in line;
We behind are knitting sweaters,
Saving wheat flour when we dine,
Buying Thrift Stamps, lending money
Which our Uncle Sammy needs;
Knitting socks, and making gardens,
Fighting Huns with hoes and seeds.
We're attending school and learning
How to build the world again,
After Germans have destroyed
Most of what was built by men.
But perhaps you'd like to ask us
Why we're all so glad to do
Anything we can to help to
Put this whole great business thru.
In the words of our great statesman,
"We will do all we are worth,
That the ruling by the people
Shall not perish from the earth."

LUTHER O. LEMON, '18.

"Roses and Onions"

A Farce Comedy by Claude G. Miller

(A penalty will be charged all those who act this drama without permission of the author. Address the publisher.)

CAST

PIPE DREAM, a new arrival.
ST. PETER, a hard tack.
RECORDING ANGEL, a gossip.

Act the onest

Scene—The recording angel's office inside the realm of the pearly gates. Desk front C, with swivel chair, inkstand and other articles of writing near at hand. A large ledger is lying on the desk. To extreme L, a large screen; up C, a doorway showing clouds with silver linings. At L. C., a window.

Discovered: Pipe Dream (a young fellow with curly hair, brazen features, and army shoes), and St. Peter (an old worm-eaten guy with a robe-de-nute looking affair about him, his whiskers showing the effects of a barbers' strike), standing down L. talking.

Pipe Dream—Yes, dear St. Peter, this is a charming place to stop. You see my wings are still weak, so I am in need of rest. I just got here this morning, you remember.

St. Peter—Yep, I got out of bed two hours early to let you in.

Pipe Dream—It is a nice place, isn't it?

St. Peter (scratching the palm of his left foot with his right hand)—Well, I guess so, but there isn't much competition to get in. Satan gets most of the customers.

Pipe Dream—Yes, it seems that way. Most of us were prepared for that when I left my home.

St. Peter—May I ask your home?

Pipe Dream—Yes, sir; it was down in Richmond.

St. Peter (surprised)—Richmond!!!???? And the name?

Pipe Dream—My name? Why, Pipe Dream.

St. Peter—Are you any relation to Day Dream?

Pipe Dream—That's my cousin.

St. Peter—She must live across from Mark Heitbrink.

Pipe Dream (expectantly)—Yes?

St. Peter—Poor Mark, a melancholy musician, and slowly pining away!

Pipe Dream—Pining away? How—when?

St. Peter—Why, he married one of the Meerhoff sisters, and doesn't know which one. Now he's afraid to lavish his affections for fear it's on the wrong one.

Pipe Dream—Poor Mark. (Slowly) Then there's Bill Ferguson.

St. Peter—Huh! That fish went mooney over a punk patent of his. And, by the way, I had to send Bessie Buell down below today. She kicked on the way I trimmed my whiskers.

Pipe Dream—Yes?

St. Peter—And she's backed by Alice Goodwin, Pauline Gildenhar, Opal Osborn, Stella Roller, and Cora Blomeyer. They all believe in keeping things in trim.

Pipe Dream—Wasn't Lurana Shute with the crowd?

St. Peter (musingly)—Yes, I think she was. She was the one that had too much powder on her nose.

Pipe Dream—That wasn't natural.

St. Peter—Then there was Pauline Hotsenpiller. She insisted on throwing gold bricks.

Pipe Dream—This gold brick stuff is getting quite popular.

St. Peter—Yes, Merle DeWees and George Canan have started a factory at 323 EZ Street, manufacturing them, and

Edith Batchelor, Marie Baker, and Marie Koenigkramer are selling them very fast.

Pipe Dream—Whee! Sounds as though they're making lots of money.

St. Peter—No, my dear Pipe. The fact is, they are not. The new governor, Richard Mansfield, has put a heavy tax on the wasting of all paving materials.

Pipe Dream—When did he sign that bill?

St. Peter—Back in 1942. It was introduced by Representives Richard Motley and Roland Marshall.

Pipe Dream (nodding)—Old friends of mine. But how's David Rost getting along?

St. Peter—Oh, tolerable. Still trying to woo that little Mary Jones. You knew his Counsin Katie?

Pipe Dream—Well, I had a speaking acquaintance. I believe she spoke to me once.

St. Peter (kindly)—She did?

Pipe Dream—Yes, she asked me to please get out of the road.

St. Peter (sadly)—Well, she and a certain T. Keisker are riding the Royal Bumps together.

Pipe Dream—Why so sad?

St. Peter—Oh, nothing, only every good thing seems bound to go to the dogs.

Pipe Dream—Which way do you mean?

St. Peter—Take your pick. Willard Morgan also went bugs—that is, he started a pawn shop on West 43d Street.

Pipe Dream (after a pause)—But pray tell me who Roy Plummer fell for?

St. Peter—He fell for Emalene Petty and hitched his wagon to a star.

Pipe Dream—Doing good?

St. Peter—No, the star went out. Judge Rohlfing divorced them in 1924.

Pipe Dream—But what happened to Luther Lemon?

St. Peter (indifferently)—Huh! Last report showed that he had Lavon Beam, Teresa Collins, Ruth Foulke, and Nina Guthrie cornered. He has Esther Hamilton kidded almost to death.

Pipe Dream—And old Shel Simmons?

St. Peter—Went the way the wind blew and it always kept blowing to Miriam.

Pipe Dream—But Mary Carmen?

(St. Peter glances at clock then toward door C.)

St. Peter (turning)—Sorry, Pipe, but here comes Recording Angel, and she doesn't allow a soul in her office except me. (Pushes Pipe Dream off L. and hurries to door C.) Good-bye! See you later! (Exit in great haste.)

(Pipe Dream stands meditating at L., then sees screen and gets back of it. Enter Recording Angel, a beautiful damsel with white fluffy wings and a jaunty crown, accompanied by St. Peter.)

Recording Angel (drawing off gloves and turning to desk)—Heard the latest, Pete?

St. Peter (looking at her adoringly)—Didn't know it had happened yet. What is it, Cathy?

Recording Angel (smiling at St. Peter playfully)—You old dear, why Fluffy Ruffles and Clarence Chamness were united by the Reverend Clem Roberts. (St. Peter looks surprised but Recording Angel hurries on). Lillian McMinn, Mary Carmen, Ho Davis, Letha Chrow and Helen Hasty were attendants and who do you think! Hawley Gardner gave the bride away. (Oh, he didn't tell so very much.) Howard Graffis was the best man. Yes, and a huge write-up was given in

Janet Seeker's newspaper, The Noon Splutterfuss. (Pauses for breath and scratches right wing.) Martha Jones was carried away by Tobe Jessup, Earl Thomas eloped with Velma Welsh, and most exciting of all, Ted Sedgwick hitched with Mildred Stevens.

St. Peter—Is that all?

Recording Angel—Of course not! Paul Hayward and John Lemon went on the stage as leading men in "The Lion and the Lamb," and they've got Helen Logue, Helen Snodgrass, Mildred Ruble, Carrie Girty, Marguerite Tucker, Goldie Van Tress, Marcella Wallace, Marjorie Gennett, Katherine Kamp, Mildred Klute and Maxine Murray as the chorus. Some scream, I must say.

St. Peter—Is that what I heard last evening?

Recording Angel—And thought it was a menagerie down on earth? It must have been. They've got Ralph Price and Raymond Burgess as coaches.

St. Peter—Then the play must be punk.

Recording Angel—Yes, it must be. A bunch of suffragettes are financing the play. There's Ruby Moore and Hilda Ratliff who wrote the music, and Lydia Maupin, Clara Pierce, Edith Wickemeyer and Doris Groan who wrote the words. Gertrude Smith furnished the costumes. Marcella Wallace plays in their orchestra.

St. Peter—What's the latest from court?

Recording Angel—Oh, Doris Wogaman and Doris Urton got copped for stealing apples from Earl Porter's peanut stand.

St. Peter—Some mixup, eh?

Recording Angel (fixing hair)—And Ray Arnold, Morris Woodhurst and Paul McKee were decorated today in France for leading———(pauses).

St. Peter—For leading———

Recording Angel—Oh, I forget what for. Charles Robinson got chucked.

St. Peter—Chucked?

Recording Angel—Yeh, boy, for swiping the copyright of a book called "Morning Glories," written jointly by Helen Hockett and Ruth Misener. He wanted it for some college annual.

St. Peter—How did Ralph Ballinger come on?

Recording Angel—Oh, Ralph got a Royal Cross. You see, he crawled over No Man's Land and up to the German trenches and talked nineteen regiments of German soldiers to death. This is the largest gas attack ever made by the U. S. forces.

St. Peter—Oh?

Recording Angel—Amy Fitzpatrick and Vivian Harding married French officers. Miss Harding, since 1918, has not been considered responsible for her actions.

St. Peter—Gertrude Dietrich married a Jordan guy, didn't she?

Recording Angel—Yes. Rebecca Rowe was elected President of the College Corner Dramatic Society, in 1941. Nelle Hayes is leading lady.

St. Peter—Oh, I'm tired of this stuff. Let's get out and go to lunch. I haven't had anything to eat since 1901 but ambrosia, and it's almost 1953. Let's try chop suey.

Recording Angel—Good, I'm tired of angel food. (St. Peter takes her arm. Exeunt St. Peter and Recording Angel.)

(Pipe Dream comes out from behind the screen and looks after them.)

Pipe Dream (to himself)—"Hum! She looks like Catherine Smith. Office work must run in the family. (He flies off L. C. as the stage grows dark.)

Quick Curtain.

Mr. Trigger's Proposal

(On the perversity of inanimate objects.)

MR. TRIGGER stood before the mirror in his room, with a frown upon his face, in spite of the fact that he was preparing to go to Miss Manning's house to ask her to be his wife. The reason he was frowning was that, as he had returned home from town that afternoon, a black cat had crossed his path. Now, he took up his jewelry box rather roughly, and as he did so his last collar-button made a dive under the dresser. He broke off a suspender-button in stooping down, only to find that his collar-button had rolled into a mouse-hole. Hastily picking the suspender-button up, he put it into his vest pocket, meaning to sew it on later. Of course he had to fasten his collar, so he used a safety-pin. While he was putting on his best tie, it split at one end; so, rather than change it, he tucked the end in his shirt.

At last he put on his coat and derby, turned out the light, and started to Miss Manning's. On the way his shoe-string came untied, and, stepping on the string, he broke it. This caused him to fall upon the car track, and so he got a black eye. He did not let this hinder him however, but proceeded on his way.

Once in Miss Manning's house, he hung up his hat and took a chair near his hostess, not noticing that his hat had fallen to the floor and rolled very near his feet. After the weather of every day of the past week had been discussed, and the probable outcome of the crops, and every other subject he could think of had been worn out, he kneeled on what he thought was a nearby stool to ask her to be his wife, but found to his dismay that it was his derby, which he had mashed as flat as a pancake.

When she had had a hearty laugh, she graciously consented to marry him. So Mr. Trigger reached into his pocket to produce the engagement ring and handed her the forgotten suspender-button.

NINA B. LYNN, '19.

Her American Brother

TROVENA! Ah! Trovena!"

But no response came to the call. The little peasant boy knelt on the steps of the ruined cottage and wept as only a little boy can. Apparently, from his dress and features, he was a Russian, but his Teuton eyes betrayed German ancestry.

"Is this ruined cottage your home?"

The words surprised the boy and he jumped to his feet, quickly brushing his tell-tale tears away in an effort to be manly. His face betrayed the over-education of German little ones which gives them an expression not found in the faces of American children. He met the stranger's gaze as man to man, although the boy of eight had to look high to meet the eyes of the man thrice his age or more.

"You are neither German nor Russian." His German was perfect. His tone showed that he was suspicious of the stranger.

The man shook his head but did not otherwise reply. He was interested in this boy, part German and part Russian. The boy surveyed him carefully for a few moments. A look of surprise swept over his face as he stated that the stranger must be an *Amerikaner*. The American was amused to see the expression of hate in the boy's face as he expressed his thought.

"Yes. I am an American war correspondent. And you—are you German, or Russian, or both?"

The boy drew himself up to his full height, which was not very high, and proudly stated, "My mother was German." But even as he spoke, a shadow crossed his face.

"And your father—?"

"—was killed, we heard, while serving in the Cossack army," was the reply given in a shame-faced way. Plainly he was German by more than maternal ancestry.

"And who or what is Trovena?"

The boy explained that Trovena was his sister who had disappeared when the Germans were forcing retreat upon the Russians after the latter's attack upon the village.

With a few more words the American passed on. The boy had furnished momentary entertainment. The incident had been interesting, but the reference to Trovena passed almost unheeded. There were so many Trovena mysteries in *Die grosse Zeit*.

He had heard that the Russians had carelessly wrecked the beautiful church of Allenburg. He had seen an announcement to that effect in Brochden. To this spot he went. He was surprised to note that the church was scarcely damaged and greatly belied the prevalent report that it had been thrown into ruins by the cruel hands of the Russians.

Being interested in the place, the American browsed about a bit, and finally came upon a tiny chapel, cut off from the church proper and almost wholly hidden by trees and shrubbery. He entered the half-opened door and stopped involuntarily at the sight within.

On the floor of the room a bed had been improvised upon which a Russian peasant lay as one dead. Back of this at the steps of a small altar knelt a young girl, also a Russian. She was praying softly, and the American could catch phrases of a Russian dialect of which he had a speaking knowledge.

It would be hard to say how long he might have stood there, had not the man on the couch moved. At his first motion the girl turned, and bending lovingly over him whispered: "What is it, dear father?"

The American took a step forward. Never had he seen a more beautiful Russian girl or indeed a girl of any nationality. The expression of long-borne sorrow had given her sweet face a saint-like aspect.

"Trovena! Trovena!" The American started at the sick man's words. Had he really said Trovena? Was this the little German boy's sister? Was this beautiful girl the daughter of a German mother?

His concentrated thoughts must have penetrated the girl's mind, for she looked up and saw him. With one horror-stricken look she dashed in front of the cot, and, brandishing a long steel knife she had taken from its place of concealment in her dress, she seemed to challenge him to mortal combat.

"If you are one of those beasts, those horrid German beasts, you have come to the wrong place for a victim. If you take one step further I will plunge this knife into my father and myself rather than submit to your tyranny."

Her eyes were wide with horror and fear, but the light of courage gleamed there. Her voice was low, but her eloquent words shot at him as so many bullets. He stepped side-ways into the light of the small window and spoke in a cool but gentle voice.

"Young lady, I am neither German nor Russian, but I—." He did not finish his sentence, for, as the light fell fully on him, the girl lowered her knife, and the look of horror, hate, and fear slowly died from her face, leaving one of pleasant surprise.

"I know," she interrupted him, "You are an American." The soft Russian accent on the "American" brought a smile to the man's lips. He nodded, but so intent was he, in reading the emotions in her face, that he spoke no further.

"If you are sure you are a friendly American, I fear you not, but if you favor the enemy, you are no better than a Prussian, and I hate you."

"I am an American war correspondent. My name is Donald Curtin. It is my purpose to send to my country accounts portraying, in a true light, the character of Germans and Russians, and accounts of skirmishes along this front."

"Then you must be good. I have known Americans before, when I lived at Moscow, and they were ever ladies and gentlemen. In time of war we trust no one fully, and you must forgive me if I seem to distrust you at first. Are you hungry? I have a meagre store of which you may have a little. Mister Curtin"—she spoke the American words—"I am willing to make you a friend in trust."

So it happened that Curtin spent the afternoon in the little chapel, telling the girl and the sick father the war news and a few points about his life. The girl too, talked of herself. She told him the simple story of her life. She was indeed the half-sister of the little Russo-German Curtin had met. She was the lost Trovena Budskopf. Her mother had been a princess of Moscow, who had, against her parents wishes, married the peasant Budskopf. When Trovena had been a baby the mother had been reunited with the royal family and Trovena had been taken to Moscow to be reared as a princess should be. When she was four her mother had died, and still she stayed on at the palace. The father had joined the army and while on duty on the western border, had met a young German woman. He loved and married her, and it was she who had been the mother of the little Heinrich. Budskopf

soon realized his mistake, for the two were hopelessly separated by their conflicting beliefs. He was a true and loyal Russian; she was all that makes a perfect German subject.

Heinrich had been brought up in his mother's way, and was truly German. He was trained in the German schools and the Hate-Everything-Not-German idea was well rooted in his mind. However, when Trovena had come to Allenburg to be near her father, little Heinrich had learned to love her very dearly. But Trovena, when she had heard that her father had been badly wounded, traced him, and was now exercising her knowledge of nursing in this out-of-the-way chapel.

* * * * * *

Curtin was worried. Many days he had spent in Allenburg. A great part of each afternoon had been spent at the little chapel. He and Trovena had become the greatest friends. But Curtin was worried. He was being spied upon by a young German officer. This made it hard for him in several ways. It made it difficult to collect material to send to America. The German was on hands with his gun and knife every time he tried to sneak off to a forbidden spot. But what worried him more, it was so hard to give the German "the slip" and go to the little chapel without being found out.

So Curtin worried. He hated to miss a day. And then the girl really needed him. The condition of the father did not improve. On a certain day Curtin found the girl weeping by his cot. He knew and she knew that the father had lost the battle for life. Here was another thing for Donald to worry about. Alone in this section of the world how would this young girl fare. She could not live safely and peaceably in Allenburg with her brother. She was too noticeably Russian to escape dangers foreigners must ever risk. He tried to comfort her but to no avail.

"Can't you smile for me today, Trovena? You mustn't take all this so hard."

She looked up at him with a soft, sad smile. Her glance wavered, and she looked off into the space behind him. Suddenly she stepped back and her eyes widened once again with that look of horror and fear. With his hand to his revolver Curtin turned. As he did so, Trovena fainted at the side of the cot.

Curtin faced the young German officer who had been spying on him so many days. A gleam of satisfied malice and hate showed in the officer's face. The revolver he held looked ugly, and Curtin could imagine the blood of the innocent Trovena and himself, staining the mean looking knife in the Prussian's left hand. His heart sickened, but Curtin was no coward and he faced the situation with a brave effort.

"What do you want?" he asked with icy politeness.

"Perhaps you think I don't know that you are sheltering and protecting a Russian subject here. Perhaps you think that I am ignorant of the fact that you are doing systematic spy work here in the interests of that despicable country of yours. I know that a man by the name of Curtin has sent the news to America, and lied about it too, saying that the Russians did not do the destroying of this little village. *You* low American! why you have even told them that we, the most cultured of all peoples, actually destroyed our own village so we might incite hatred and revenge in our people against the Russians. You know that this is not true."

He fairly thundered the words, and a much stronger man than Curtin would have hesitated to answer, as he was about to do. But for the sake of his America, and now for the sake of the dead Russian and the unconscious girl he must answer as a gentleman and patriot should.

"Herr Schmidt, you know I did not lie, and I know it. I was here the whole time of the Russian raid. I know how gentlemanly the Russian soldiers are. They are perfect compared with your lying, blood-thirsty troops. They attacked only the garrison and you know it. Do you suppose so many girls like this one would have gone unharmed had *you* been passing through a Russian village?"

For two full seconds after these bold words there was an electric silence in the room. Then the tension was broken by two pistol shots.

Curtin sat up dazedly. His head hurt terribly, he discovered. Something warm was trickling down his face. He looked around him. Trovena was still unconscious. What a lot she had had to bear lately, he thought. The German lay as one dead. Feeling rather dizzy-headed Curtin rose and went over and examined the man. He was alive but wounded. The American reloaded his gun, and then with a little water revived Schmidt.

"I'll give you just three minutes to get out of here."

Schmidt scrambled to his feet. The blood began to flow from the wound in his shoulder. His face was black with rage.

"Sorry I missed my aim. I'll go now, but no power can prevent my revenge upon you and the girl."

As soon as he was gone Curtin spread a rug over the blood stains on the earth floor of the chapel. Then he washed his face and bandaged his bleeding head. When all disagreeable sights had been hidden, Donald dipped a cloth into some water and tenderly laid it across the girl's face. Altho she revived quickly, she was very weak.

"Oh! is he gone? Did he hurt you? Oh, you are wounded. Your poor head." She was all sympathy at once, and soon had a soothing medicine applied to Curtin's wound under a neat bandage. There was much to be done Curtin realized, so he set to work at once. He told the girl that she must make haste and prepare to leave.

First, however, with great reverence, they laid the father in his last resting place. Curtin dug a grave in one corner of the earth-floored chapel, and there the father was buried. Then the man and the girl knelt side by side and prayed. They ate a hasty lunch and gathered together all of their belongings.

"Where are we going, Don?" She called him that because, as she said, it could be done without so much tongue twisting.

"I am going to try to get you to your people in Moscow, Trovena, but it is a dangerous mission and perhaps cannot be done. However, we will try."

At dusk they set out, both with their revolvers ready for instant use. Cautiously, they approached the dividing line between the two great countries.

"Trovena! The Borden pass is unguarded! Heaven is with us tonight. We can get into Russia at any rate, without any trouble!"

"Oh, Don! Indeed it must be Providence. But Moscow is many miles away, and there are so many dangers to face."

But he consoled her and they passed on down the ill-made road. A light ahead was made their goal. They walked swiftly but quietly, whispering as they went. With caution they approached the building. With a whoop of glee Curtin started on the run for the building. He had recognized the Red Cross in the window, and he could see the Stars and Stripes above the doorway in the midst of other flags.

"Don! Don! where are you going? Where are we anyway?"

"Ah, Trovena, 'tis a Red Cross Hospital. Here you can stay and rest until you are better able to continue the journey."

Together they entered, and soon poor, tired Trovena was sleeping in one of the clean white beds of the nurses' ward.

The next day Curtin did some reconnoitering. He discovered to his glad surprise that the town of Staronockvi was only two miles away. He had given this town as the Russian post to which his mail was to be sent from Paris. As it was still early he started out, and after carefully avoiding two groups of soldiers he arrived at his destination. He went at once to the consul and found quite a pile of mail awaiting him. On the very top was a telegram forwarded from Paris. It summoned him to Paris immediately.

Sadly he turned again towards the hospital. He hated to go back and leave Trovena, but duty called him and he must needs obey. When he was almost there he saw Trovena running towards him. Her eyes were shining like stars and her blowing hair gave her the appearance of a gypsy. However, Curtin thought she was a most beautiful one.

"Don! Oh! Don! I've seen him. O Don! do you remember my speaking of my dear friend Cortski—my old Moscow school-mate? Well, he is the surgeon in this hospital, and, Don, I am to stay in the hospital and become a nurse. Isn't it fine that I don't have to go back and become a bored princess again when my country needs me so?"

Don smiled down at her. Providence seemed to be taking their lives in hand. He told her that he must go back to Paris immediately.

"Oh Trovena, I'm so glad you are in a safe place. I could not bear to leave if I thought my little friend was subject to any danger. But this Cortski fellow, dear? I'm glad you have other friends, but don't forget your old pal, will you?"

"You know, Don, that I'll never forget you. When the war is over, if we are still alive, will you come and visit Cortski and me in our home that is to be?"

She spoke shyly and shook the proffered hand warmly.

"Here we are at the hospital again, Trovena. I must leave you now and go back to town to prepare for my journey. I may never see you again, but, Trovena, I have learned that there is something to war besides sadness. The war has given me you, my girl, as my friend. Write to me about your life and your Cortski. I'm coming back if I live and visit you in your home. Au revoir. God bless you, my friend."

Their hands met in a friendly grip full of feeling.

"Goodbye, Friend. God take care of you and make your country ever stand in all its splendid principles. Oh, Don! My American brother!"

HELEN L. HOCKETT, '18.

MISCELLANY

Calendar

Sept. 11—R. H. S. Brain Emporium opens its doors for the season, with specialists in charge. Operations performed daily.

Sept. 18—Pedestrian Club, otherwise known as "pedal exercising club", organized. "Fitz" convicted as leader of the gang.

Sept. 19—We get the first glimpse of our new principal. Half the green get mowed; in other words, Freshmen are required to sit in the galleries.

Sept. 25—Mr. Null, orderly of the halls, breaks up the puppy love to the relief of others not afflicted.

Sept. 26—First issue of the Register off, Wilber Vogelsong in command.

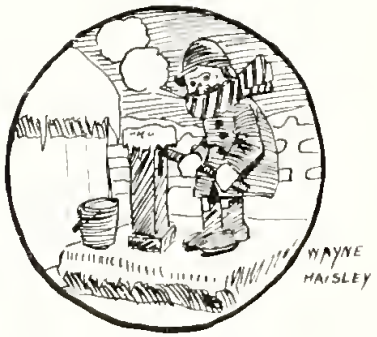
Sept. 28—Basketball candidates out. Everybody knows how the team ought to be run except Mullins.

Sept. 29—Pedestrian Club takes hike. Mr. Mullins thaws out the old green pump at Chester, Indiana.

Sept. 30—Hi-Y organized; Robinson sentenced to two terms.

Oct. 3—Second Register out. The historical "Evolution of a Freshman" starts; many find their own experiences related.

Oct. 5.—"Hobe" Norris gets back; grips his audience in chapel with thrilling stories all about 23 R(usty) D(oughnuts); gets a gold watch, a rug, and a stick of chewing gum.



MR. MULLINS, CHAPERON FOR THE "PEDESTRIANS" HIKE, WAS KEPT BUSY PRIMING OUT AN OLD PUMP AT CHESTER, IND.,—VERY OBLIGING!

Oct. 8—By the efforts of mighty Shel, Richmond captures tennis tourney from Anderson.

Oct. 9—Forensic starts. Elliot elected president. Big fuss on. Question: "Was she pushed or shoved?"

Oct. 17—Dramatic Society organizes with big things in store. Scarcity of boys blamed onto the War.

Oct. 18—Seniors organize; Pete elected president. Big things talked about. Pete starts growing a mustache.

Oct. 22—Simmons-Hadley Co. formed amidst the inspiring profanity of Lieut. Peat.

Ot. 23—Lucy plays "hooky" again,—or; "the call of the wild" is too great. We mean bowling. Class spirit begins to be shown.

Oct. 25—Floyd kids the ladies, in one class, and sleeps in the next one. Ambitious man!

MR. CLAUDE MILLER, WHOSE FIRST "EVOLUTION OF A FRESHMAN" IN THE REGISTER, OCT. 3, SO DELIGHTED US ALL.

RHS

Oct. 26—G. A. A. Hallowe'en "do". Fun! Fortunes! Frolics! Music! Mystery! Merriment!

Oct. 27—Seniors have auto ride to Jackson, Indiana, where they romp and rollic as in childhood days. Team comes back early.

Oct. 28—Traffic cop placed in front of Helen E.'s and Mary Louise's lockers to stop congestion of traffic. Fellows all get blue.

Oct. 29—It is rumored that Luther Lemon uses Pompeian Night Cream to improve his rose-petal complexion. Reason: We think it is a Freshman with curls, etc.

Oct. 30—Hi-Y has Hallowe'en celebration. Lots of real eats and pumpkin pie.

Nov. 2—Ray and Burr act as pep injectors for High; show us how to yell like—everything in chapel.

Nov. 5—Wireless bugs meet for organization. Glenn Weist, president.

Nov. 7.—Helen Geers tells us she's had another love affair busted. Death! Where is thy sting!

KID - WELL, WATCHA THINK OF THAT - PETE HAYWARD WALKED RIGHT OVER A FIFTY CENT PIECE AND DID N'T EVEN SEE IT!

ANNUAL CLASS FIGHT PULLED OFF

Nov. 9—Beat Winchester or anything! 25 die of enthusiasm. Why, sure we did.

Nov. 12—Fair damsels splash in Y pool. "Phil" does the "Schwan" dive.

Nov. 15—High has a swimming team, with Leroy as captain. P. C.'s have a hike, get chased by cows, but arrive home O. K.

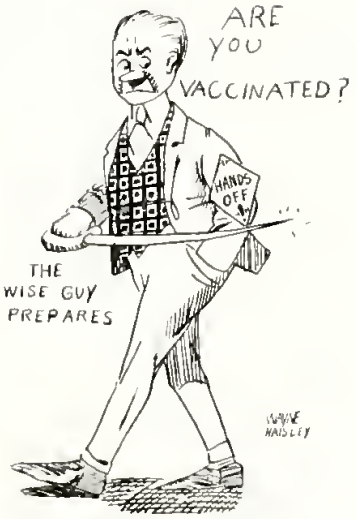
Nov. 16—Well, Anderson beat us. Robinson and V. Harding head Pierian.

Nov. 23—New Castle comes, sees, but we conquer. Girls start in basketball.

Nov. 24—Richmond goes to Bloomington. Sneaks back on the first freight.

Nov. 26—Tobe Jessup arrested for trespassing in the halls. Martha late to class.

19
PETE H



DEC. 19, BIG SKATE AT COLISEUM

Nov. 26—Big G. A. A. skate; Coliseum has many dents in the floor. None fatally injured.

Nov. 30—Big water carnival for the "vimmen" at Y pool. One dainty (?) maid precipitated her avoirdupois too suddenly from off the spring board. Result, much flood. Everybody yells for life preservers.

Dec. 1—Terrible ailment affects R. H. S.; namely vaccination.

Dec. 7—Many fair damsels appear on crutches, others limp fearfully.

Dec.10-11—"Fi-Fi"! Floyd N. spills love all over the stage. Ted interferes, putting a guard over his heart to hold it in. Floyd at last wins Fi-Fi by his touching love ballads.

Dec. 14—Forum serves intellectual refreshments. All a joke. We went just to see who was going to pay for them—we paid.

Dec. 16—Ted Van Allen says, "Anthony had his Cleopatra, but she couldn't beat my Doris."

Dec. 18—Everybody saving his pennies for Xmas.

Dec. 19—Big skate at the Coliseum. Four of us tried to land on the same spot.

Dec. 20—Holidays! Everybody happy, looking forward to candy, oranges, and turkey dinners.

Dec. 25—Everybody has a Merry Xmas. Dolls and toys galore. Those naughty boys plan to annoy the teachers with their new whistles on January 2.

Jan. 2—School again.

Jan. 3—News received.—"Hobo" Norris found asleep in a snow pile. Froze his foot.—Most of us think about the rug!

Jan. 4—Chapel! Several big guys and fair damsels keep the Freshies company.

Jan. 7—C. Stevens joins the army.

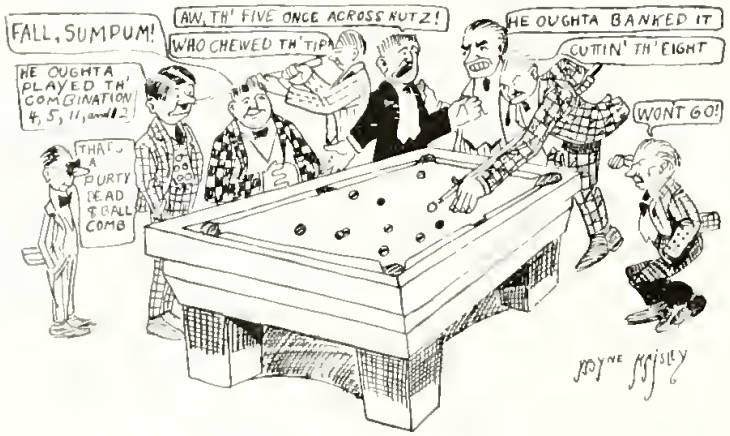
Jan. 15—Charlie back again! G. A. A. skate. All the girls out. Among the most noticed were Phil. Butler, Helen Hazeltine, Russell Allen, and Burr Simmons.

Feb. 1—Slush Edition out! Editors leave town. Sid and Polly come near.

Feb. 5—Hi-Y sleigh-ride. Space conservation. Mullins sang, "Oh, Mary, Take Me Home."

Feb. 10—"Foliage Club" organized. Drug stores all out of hair tonic and hair dye.

Feb. 15—Students burn some pleasant memories—er—that is—German books.



POOL TOURNAMENT AT "Y"
STARRING SEVERAL OF OUR SHARKS

Feb. 18—Van Allen elected president of Junior class.

Feb. 25—My America League makes a drive for new members. Exceeds quota.

Feb. 27—Clara Daub complains of an "Aiken" feeling around the heart, and consults a doctor.

March 1—Rushville takes next train home—after—Ask them what after. Ray and Burr issue tournament orders in chapel.

March 8—Richmond beats Rushville. Price gets a lop-sided jaw.

March 9—Fountain falls and Richmond scares Manilla to death. Richmond "Over the Top to Bloomington." Manilla and the breakfast caps go out rear exit.

March 15—Bloomington musses Richmond at State Tourney.

March 16—Dick Taylor gives vent to some more of his feelings, and patent medicine goes down in history. The Freshies get their mugs snapped, after which Bundy orders a new camera.

March 17—"Con" and Lorraine in Kolp's style show. "Con" almost makes love to her before the public.

March 19—Basketball team and their lady-friends are entertained at the Zimbalist concert. Yes, Charles and Mary Louise were in evidence.

March 20—A big function at Simmons' for the team and the ladies. Dancing! Mirth! And Late Hours!

March 27—G. A. A. gives last skate of season. "Wick" plans for indoor meet in April.

March 29—Mr. Schlauch drifts into the sea of matrimony. He and his wife "honeymoon" in Chicago. He becomes so "fussed" over the wedding he loses the checker tourney at the "Y."

April 1—April Fool Edition of Register. The students find something new every time they look at it. Reason—everything upside down, lop-sided, or missing.

April 4—Elaborate feed for Dramatic Society in the lunch room. Mr. Bentley special guest.

April 5—Bill Haberkern captures second place at Discussion Contest at Rushville.

April 8—Director Nohr accepts position at Gary, Indiana, after successful work in Richmond.

April 9—Track team hard at work. Howard Graffis elected captain.

April 10—Basketball boys entertained with a feed by the girls' teams. Ted and Graffis stage a modern trench attack with olive seeds.

April 11—Juniors give a party in the Gym. Seniors muss 'em up and help themselves to the ice-cream.

April 12—Seniors select cast for play—"Green Stockings." The cast all resolve to wear green hosiery to advertise it.

April 16—"Miss Fearless & Co.' presented by Pedestrian Club. "Miss Phemie" and her "Theodore" will never be forgotten.

April 17—Mr. Meller, new physical director, arrives and takes charge.

April 18—Seniors indulge in "childish" amusements at a "kid party." Dignified Hawley becomes young and care-free again.

April 19—Ray Williams leaves for the Navy. Ray's fond farewell. Helen almost succumbs to heart failure. Remedies, quickly administered, save her life.

SEARCHING FOR THE SCENT OF THE "COFFIN NAIL"

April 21—Education week starts—and we thought we had education the year around.

April 26—Dick makes a hit at Ft. Wayne, but she didn't like it.

May 4—Hi thinly clads go to Cinci, and come back pointless.

May 16—Junior-Senior Hike. Oh, lovely weiners!

May 17—Hi debates Bloomington. Dick Taylor flashes oratory. Bessie comes out scarlet—as usual.

May 28—Dramatic Society play, Lady Gregory's "Hyacinth Halvey." The Irishest thing we've seen yit, be jabers.

May 30—Orchestra has its big do.

June 4—Senior play, big success.

June 5—Students all nervous. Big exams.

June 6—Seniors graduate—and they all look fine in those caps and gowns.

Chapel Calendar

THE chapel exercises of the Richmond High School have always been very enjoyable, but those of the year 1917-18 have surely been record breakers. Mr. Bentley has given us a varied program which has been more instructive and more interesting than any other year's program we have had.

Mr. Bentley first "faced the music" and looked down upon his "beautiful children" (so he said) on September 14. His debut brought him to the hearts of his pupils at once and insured his popularity.

On October 3, our old standby, "Hobe" Norris favored us with an "address" on camp life. As ever, "Hobe" proved himself an eloquent speaker, but he surely lost his voice when the pupils presented him with a watch as a remembrance from his friends in old R. H. S. He said afterwards it was the first time he ever was at a loss for words.

One Friday morning in November, the Reverend Mr. Overdeer gave us an interesting talk. He's another standby and the students look forward to his coming.

The Department of Mathematics quaked inwardly when Dr. Baker talked to us on December 7. Should very many of the little "dumb heads" become brilliant through Dr. Baker's magic work, they feared they would lose their jobs.

Our old friend, "Bob" Lyons, spoke to us January 11, on the situation in France. He had just returned from "Over There" and his talk inspired us to do a bigger "bit" for our country and our boys "Over There."

Father Cronin spoke to us on April 19. He urged that we be true Americans and do our bit and then some.

On April 26, William A. Bryan, of Indiana University, gave us a splendid talk on "Education." He urged the boys and girls to finish their education, and then take up war work. He said the boys would be more patriotic to train themselves first and then go into service, much better able to work in this "war of minds."

The "Singin' Master" instructed us in the art of chapel singing on May 3. (All this year we have sung one or two songs at each auditorium meeting. It certainly has livened things up and has been quite an improvement to the program.) Mr. Bentley was very much inspired by the last song, "The Battle Hymn of the Republic." He gave us quite an address, but his ending shattered the hopes of many present. He asked that the "softies," "moonshiners," or whatever you call them, would please carry on their daily exercises elsewhere than in the corridors. He wasn't jealous, you see, but he felt rather sick, he said, every time he bumped into such a "soft case."

On the whole, the year's auditorium meetings have been entirely satisfactory to everyone. We are looking forward to another interesting line of happenings next year. Those of us who are bidding farewell to R. H. S. are carrying away with us a happy memory of many enjoyable hours spent in our chapel meetings.

To My Friend, J. F. T.

(WITH ALL APOLOGIES TO THOMAS GRAY)

THE gong tolls out the joy of parting day,
The boisterous mob winds quickly o'er the lea;
The teachers homeward plod their weary way,
And leave naught but detention there for me.

Now fades the plan of movies from my sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where "Prof" Thompson wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy sighs do lull the anxious folds.

Let not ambition mock our useful toil,
Our lowly grades and av'rages obscure,
Nor Thompson hear with a disdainful smile
The frequent, stale excuses of the poor.

Within those office walls where gloom abides,
There heaves a sigh in many a way'ring chest,
And so each with his homely grade of C
Meets unrelenting teachers who do the rest.

The boast of knowledge and the power of bluff,
And all the hopes of passing grades, are sunk,
When comes around the final judgment day,
The paths of loafing lead but to a flunk.

P. V. B.

MUSTARD GAS

SONG TO A SOLO ACROBAT

Do you know what that was?
  'Twas a "Jumping Jack."
Liberty brought it with 'em,
  And I'm glad they took it back.

'Tis a funny High School
  To bring such a thing,
A fellow dancing wildly
  As tho' hung upon a string.

From the Tourney's starting whistle
  To the Fountain City bump,
That same gymnastic person
  Maintained a useless jump.

O. C., '17.

When choosing a path Con Ottenfeldt would much rather go the "Long" way. As in Postum, "There's a reason."

Stella Roller says she never gets anything but what she wants "Moore."

Ted Keisker wishes to announce to the public that after June 15th his name will be Bartel. The only reason he gives is that his name might be mistaken for Kaiser, and he would much rather go by his maiden('s) name.

Patronize Our Advertisers

Advertising Manager—Merle DeWees

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GEO. BREHM
A. L. BUNDY
BURTON & BILLS
J. M. EGGEMEYER & SONS
FINNEY'S
FIRST NATIONAL BANK
WALTER B. FULGHUM
KENNEDY CLOTHING CO.
GEO. H. KNOLLENBERG CO.
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STARR PIANO CO.
TOWNSEND'S
Y. M. C. A.

1866 1918

HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS

We are pleased to be represented in your School Annual

Our line of business is well known to this community, and we appreciate the general and generous patronage which we have enjoyed for a period of more than fifty years :-: :-: :-:

THE GEO. H. KNOLLENBERG CO.

The Starr Gamma

IS OUR LATEST MODEL IN

Starr

WE HAVE IT ON OUR FLOOR NOW

The Starr Piano Co.

Tenth and Main Streets

He was a young subaltern. One evening the nurse had fore going off duty asked, "Is there anything I can do for you, before I leave?"

He replied, "Well, yes, I should like to be kissed good-night."

The nurse rustled to the door, "Just wait until I call the orderly. He does all the rough work here."

John Evans had a friend of his out in his Ford the other day, but somehow things did not seem to be going just right.

"I believe the engine is missing," said the friend.

"That's funny," said John, "The darn thing was there when we started."

Pauline says she never worries about the dark, for Sidney is her shining light—a 100 Watt.

Luther Lemon (in Solid Geometry, after Miss Hawkins had closed his Physics book)—I was only looking at the pictures.

Miss Hawkins (opening Luther's Geometry)—Then look at the pictures in that.

Y. M. C. A.

It is a worthy thing for this splendid community to be able not only to meet the immediate issue of military conflict, but to so gear its activities as to provide the funds necessary for the maintenance of the Y. M. C. A. building which for all times is to be the battleground for character.

All the honor to the man who fights at the front, and to the man and boy who stay at home, safeguarding all that is true and strong and noble in character.

The Young Men's Christian Association is larger than the Building and world-wide in its influence; broader in its scope than any set of opinions; open to every man and boy regardless of his religious belief or non-belief.

The Association is a challenge to every right-thinking man and boy in Wayne County.

Victrolas

THE CHOICE OF
THE EDUCATED

WALTER B. FULGHUM
1000 Main Street

When Dick Thornburg was asked what he thought of "Miss Fearless & Co.," he said that he was so much interested in the girls that he really didn't notice the play very much.

It is said that Goethe's death was hastened by his hearing an American pronounce his name.

"What kind of work is he fit for?"
"He'd make a good stage-hand at a moving picture show."

Mr. Neff—"I have lots of places for my money."
B. Simmons—"Say, Mr. Neff, have you got a girl?"
Mr. Neff—"Well, I should say so, two or three of them."

Mildred Albus (at Interior Decoration Lecture)—"Send for Robert, so we can decide what kind of things to buy."

To Remove Paint—Sit down on it before it is dry.

Eighteen women met to pray for rain, and when rain descended seventeen of them screamed because they had no umbrellas.

Eat Less Food :-: Save Your Money
Buy Thrift Stamps

HELP the BOYS "OVER THERE"

This space donated by

The Richmond Baking Co.

ODE TO MR. SIMMONS

Here's to Sweet William, whose face is all green;
No prettier flower has ever been seen.
He blooms in the summer, and sleeps in the fall,
And climbs out of bed when he hears his dad call.

Here's to Sweet William whose face is all pink
Just after he's washed it out at the sink.
He goes out in the yard and stands in the sun;
Of all the spring flowers he's the prettiest one.

Our dear little flowerlet will blossom away,
And nod its sweet head through each summery day;
He'll flirt with the roses and sunflowers so tall,
But listen! Don't worry, he hain't got 'em all.

EXCHANGE
PHOTOGRAPHS

With your friends and classmates. In after years they will help to perpetuate the memory of School Days

A. L. Bunde
PHOTOS
722 MAIN ST. RICHMOND, IND

Keep the Home Bright

There will be sadness and tense anxiety in many homes this summer. Don't let that overtake those who remain and make up the family circle. Keep home surroundings bright and attractive for the boys who are with you—and for the return of the boys who are away—the boys you so eagerly wish to have back in the circle once again.

We cannot tell you here what you require for **your** place but will gladly confer with you and help solve your problems economically with a rare selection of uncommonly low-priced goods. Everything in furnishings for the home is on our floors. Let this serve as a cordial invitation to examine and compare.

SHOP AT **ROMEY'S**

Main Street—Corner Ninth

Chester Harter has a habit of saying "Amen" at every pause in the preacher's sermon. The other day the preacher said, "And there shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth," and Chester said, "Amen."

A Freshie was strolling down the hall,
A-lookin' in every door;
He put his hand up to his head
'Cause it felt kinda sore.
He stuck his head in Forty-nine
And immediately threw in reverse.
He was heard to say while making time,
"If I had stayed, I'd come out in a hearse."

THE BOOKS ARE TAKING FRESHIE FOR A WALK

Mildred Albus—"Oh, the only thing I didn't like about Captain Barnacle was that his whiskers got too close to my chin."

Mr. Neff (in Civics)—"Would it be possible to run a railroad through a cemetery?"
Ted Sedgwick—"Why, yes; they could move the bodies, 'cause I knew a fellow once who hauled the bones.

Ralph Motley—"They say that epidemic of grip which everyone had was caused by the Germans."
Fern DeBeck—"If that's the truth, it must have been quite a blow on the Germans."

First Freshie (in agonized tones)—"Oh, what shall I do, I have burned my hand?"
Second Freshie—"You might read Carlyle's 'Essay on Burns'."

AUSTIN
FOR MILLINERY

WE WANT
YOUR TRADE

Westcott Hotel Bldg. Richmond, Ind.

BARTEL & ROHE

921 Main Street :: :: :: Richmond, Indiana

The Leaders of Eastern Indiana and Western Ohio in Office and School SUPPLIES

WHY?

Because We Have the Goods and the

RIGHT PRICE

Mary had a little paint,
She wore it every day;
Until one day the rain came down,
And washed it all away.

THE WILD, WILD WOMEN

Earl Porter was a fine young man,
His mother's pride and joy;
He studied hard both night and day,
He was a model boy.
But, oh, the ladies ruined him,
He is no more the same;
He's lost his studious habits,
And Emaline's to blame.

"Give me a drink; I'm thirsty."
"You should drink milk; milk makes blood."
"I'm not blood-thirsty."

Upper Classman to Freshie—What subject do you take the next hour?"
Freshie—"Oh, I take forgery under Mr. Vickrey."

Lucy D.—"I just can't stand this wicked stuff in a jazz band. It gets me all mephormorized."

Lois Johanning, registering for government work.
Registrar—"What line of work are you interested in?"
Lois—"Wh—er—hotel duty. I think I'd like to become a "Porter."
Registrar—"How soon could you become a porter?"
Lois (blushing)—"Oh, not till I'm out of school."

Hart, Schaffner & Marx

and

Hickey Freeman Quality

CLOTHING AT

LOEHR & KLUTE

SOUVENIR BOOKS for
COLLEGES and SCHOOLS

Founded
1870

Incorporated
1885

This issue of
the PIERIAN
was produced
by us.

NICHOLSON PRINTING & MFG. CO.
26, 28, 30 North Ninth Street, Richmond, Ind.

Mr. Null (in detention room, swinging his feet)—"Isn't it delightful in here?"

Class (assenting)—"Oh, yes!"

Mr. Null—"And just think. The longer I stay here the more house-cleaning I get out of."

GOOD NATURE

It is easy enough to smile
When everything goes with a rush,
But the man worth while
Is the man that can smile
When he slips and sits in the slush.

Esther W. (in a suggestive tone)—"I believe you have some candy."

Eugene M.—"Only two small pieces of chocolate, but they fit my mouth better than yours."

A. G.—"Helen, why did you stand at the door so long with R. B. the other night?"

H. H.—"Oh, he always holds one so long."

Who is this young and lordly mutt,
Who walks the halls with such a strut?
It is Ray Williams' gallant stride.
See, there's fair Helen at his side.

Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of the valiant deeds of the Sedgwick seer,
To whom the gods gave courage,
To veto woman's suffrage.

William Porter (in American History)—"The people didn't have any way to transport the grain, so they changed it into spirits."

FASHIONABLE FOOTWEAR

THAT GIVES 100% SATISFACTION

We have a particular attractive assortment of young folks shoes. Each and every dressy pattern is the newest to be had

WE ARE SHOE FITTERS
AND STYLE GIVERS

B and B Shoe Store
807 Main Street

JOHN M. EGGEMEYER & SONS

FANCY GROCERS

It may happen in Richmond schools in 1940.

Pupil—"What strange country is this on the map, teacher?"

Teacher—"Oh, that is an old geography you have there, my dear. That used to be Germany, but there is no such country now."

M. H.—"Who are you going with to the Junior-Senior party?"

C. R.—"Nobody."

M. H.—"Is she still sick?"

T. Collins—"Hurry up, Mr. Robinson, and start the meeting."

C. R.—"I can't. There is no one here."

Verna Swisher (in American Hist.)—"They have invented a new kitchen drawn by horses on wheels."

Did you ever notice Bill Simmons in Civics? He manicures his nails every morning with Tom Bell's knife. Hasn't he a boudoir?

"Say, did you hear that Matt Von Pein was arrested last night?"

"No. What for?"

"He stole six bottles of beer, but they couldn't do anything with him."

"Why not?"

"They didn't have enough to make a case."

Young Men look to KENNEDY for the latest style ideas in

CLOTHES
FURNISHINGS
HATS -- CAPS

Remember, You're Welcome, Boys. Drop In Any Time.

KENNEDY CLOTHING CO.

803 Main Street, Richmond, Ind.

Flowers

FRESH FLOWERS absolutely guaranteed.

Quality, punctuality, and careful attention to every detail, are features of our service to EVERY PATRON.

Lemon's Flower Shop

Members of the Florists' Telegraph Delivery, insuring prompt deliveries of Fresh Flowers anywhere in the United States.

Bessie B. (discussing the Fort Wayne debate)—"I noticed a woman in the audience who seemed very much interested in my speech. This helped me greatly."

Dick T.—"Yes, that's just the trouble, I noticed too many of them."

B. Simmons—"Say, Rosamond, are you ever going to get married?"

R. P.—"No, I'm going to have a career."

B. S.—"Good night! my mother had one of those things once, but she broke the handle off."

Prepare for Summer and Help Win the War!

Uncle Sam and Dame Fashion have joined hands and issued the decree. From the standpoint of COMFORT, APPEARANCE and ECONOMY

Wear Low Shoes

We carry them in White, Brown, Gray and Black. Pumps and Oxfords.

Priced, $2.50 to $6.00

As a matter of guaranteed satisfaction, buy them of

NEFF & NUSBAUM

NUSBAUM'S

"THE STORE OF BETTER VALUES"

Always ready to serve you with a complete stock of

DRY GOODS, READY-TO-WEAR MILLINERY,
NOTIONS AND MEN'S FURNISHINGS

Lee B. Nusbaum Co.

WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF—

Helen Geers should cease to flirt with the boys?
Ho Davis should say something?
Lucy Dennis should stop using slang?
Rosamond or Ruth should look pale?
Hawley Gardner ever did anything besides bowl?
Sheidler and Gwendolyn should have a fuss?
George Eversman quit making Japanese goo-goo eyes?
Helen Eggemeyer moved her locker to the girls' locker room?

R. H. S. DIRECTORY

"Sarcasm"—Ralph Ballinger.
"Floor Walker"—Ted Van Allen.
"Guardian Angel of the Piano"—Mary Carman.
"Curiosity"—Ruby Moore.
"Tee Hee"—Janet Seeker.
"Two Cents"—John Evans.
"Lotta Nois"—Claude Miller.
"Coming"—Earl Keisker.
"Tra-la-la-la"—Mary Louise Norris.
"Brilliance"—Hilda Ratliff.
"Ima Knut"—Hawley Gardner.

Come and See Us

TOWNSEND'S

Ice Cream Candies Soft Drinks

Telephone 1668 808 Main Street

1865 1918

PRICE'S

For 53 years we have served the community
with the Best Ice Cream and
Candies

"I m not prepared today."—Floyd Nusbaum.

"Methinks my skull is softening."—Tony Marshall.

"He says a thousand pleasant things, but never says, 'Adieu'."—Hawley Gardner.

"I wish I was grown up."—Earl Porter.

"We all have faults."—Faculty.

"Too tall to walk under his own umbrella."—Bob Hodgin.

"I have made my initial step in taking a girl."—J. Lemon.

"Do you still love me?"—"Pete" (after Kid party).

"This medal was given to me by myself as a slight token of my regard."—Bill Haberkern.

An English I (reporting on Poe)—"He watched the osculations of the pendulum."

George E.—"It was a very old house with ivy bushes growing on the wall."

THE GEO. BREHM CO.

COMPLETE LINES

Base Ball, Tennis, Track,
Basket Ball
and Golf Supplies

Success

Success is not a question of age. You may be old or young. It is only a matter of seeing your opportunity and being ready for it.

Money is necessary, and the surest plan for having the money is a Savings Account in the First National Bank, Seventh and Main Streets.

Your funds are safe.

They grow with interest at three per cent.

Why not open your account at once—one dollar will do it.

First National Bank

Seventh and Main Streets

Your Start in Life is Important

Make a Good Banking Connection

Second National Bank

"Having heard that the hairs of the head are numbered, we should like to apply for a few back numbers."—Several Faculty Members.

"The sweetest kind of bashfulness."—Verna Swisher.

"I am of the race of Panzas, who are all headstrong."—Merle DeWees.

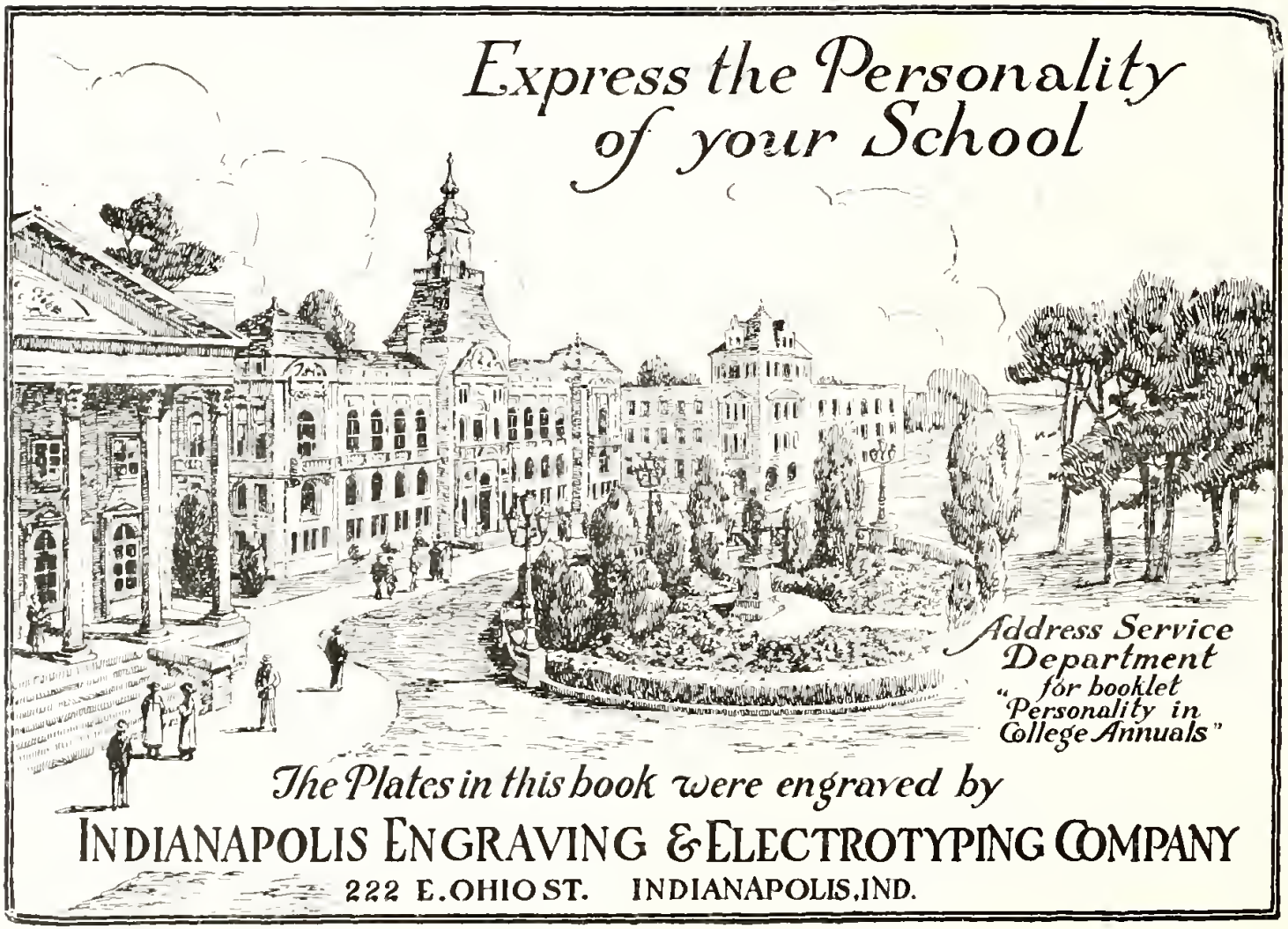
"No greater grief than to remember days of joy, when misery is at hand."—Quiz Time.

"Women are entitled to life, liberty, and the pursuit of man."—Senior Girls.

FINNEY'S

The Home of

Home Cooking, Home Candies and Ice Cream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Helen Young

James G. [illegible]

Robert Hawk the '20

Katherine L. Barr '20

This Page for Signatures

Jane (Anne?) Carpenter

G. C. Sipple

Fern DeBeck

Anna L. Finfrock

Donna J. Parke.

[illegible]

Alice E. Gonnell

Roland Cutler.

Robert H. Sudhoff.

Earl Faner

Glenn Price. 6/6/18.

J. Glenn Funston

[illegible]

Catherine Klute.

Marjorie Smith '19

Winifred Williams

Ethel P. [illegible]

Doris [illegible]

Gertrude A. Eggleston.

Lucille E. Fuller

Mildred I. Whitely 6/6/18

Helen M Brown '20

Herbert Russell

[illegible]

[illegible]

Ralph [illegible]

James C. Jackman 6/6/18.

Wm Riley Emerick '20

[illegible]

Harriet [illegible] '17

Katherine Cox

Odessa Darnell

Hazel Underhill '20.

Helen McWhinney. '20

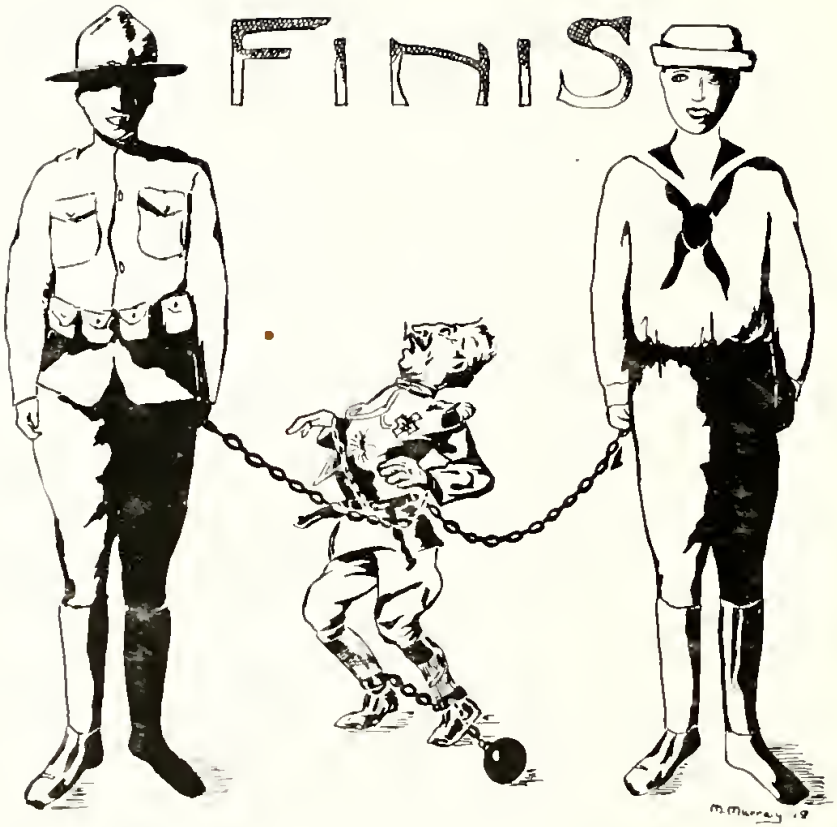
Frank Taylor '21

[illegible]

Marion Foreenkemper

Nina B. Lynn

Edith Neal '20 Friends Martin '19 Mary Neer Arthur Porter



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